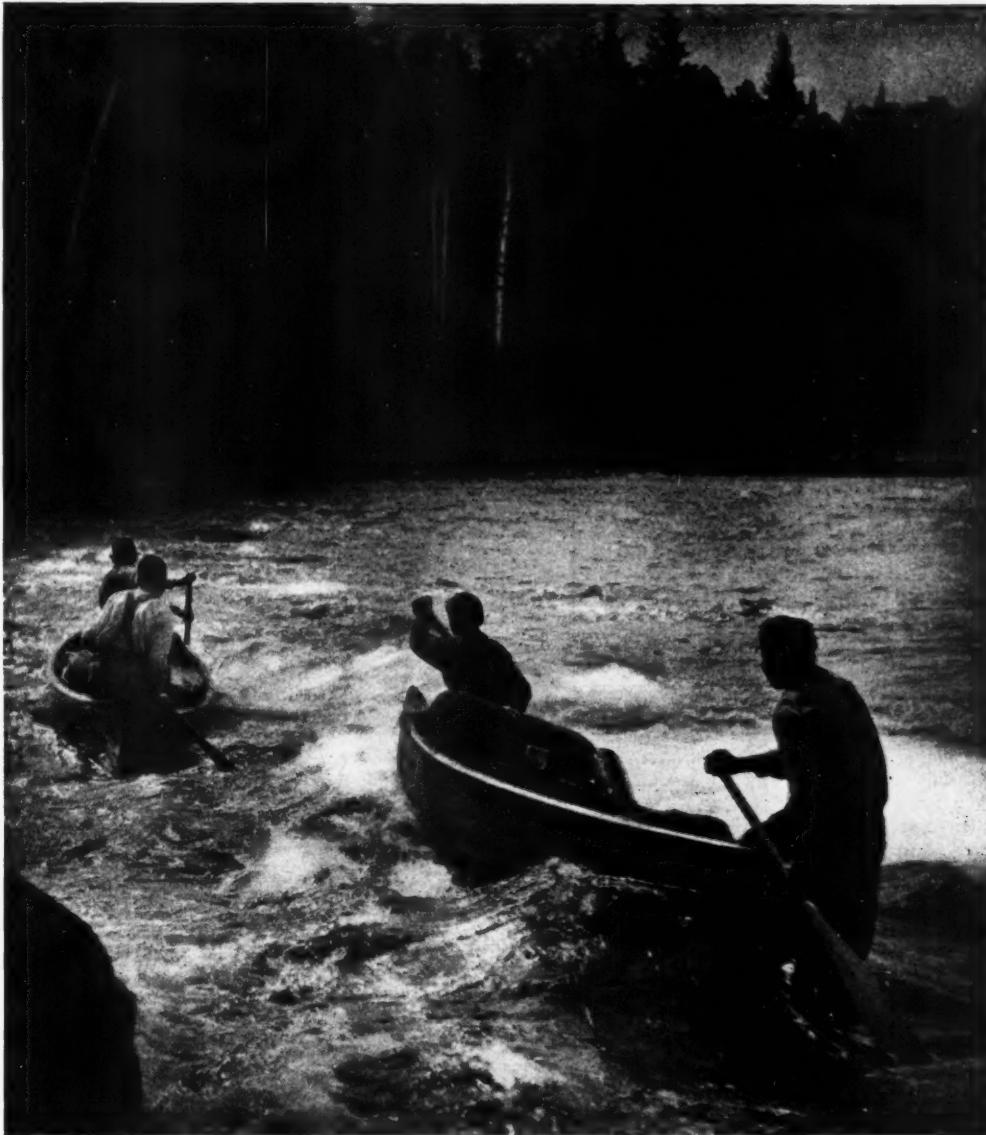


# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

*A Weekly Illustrated Magazine  
For All The Family*

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VOLUME 99, NO. 36



PERRY·MASON·COMPANY . . .

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**M**ODERN diet starts by tempting the appetite. Instead of eating foods you don't care much for simply because they are "good for you," you eat foods that are good for you because your appetite calls for them.

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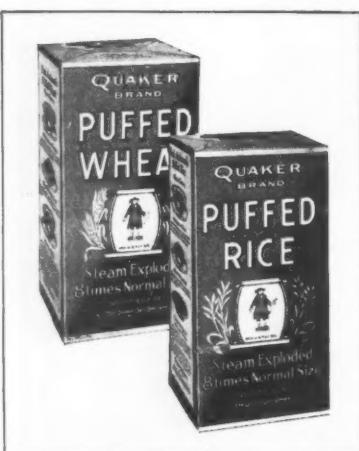
And . . . its food value is that of fine, selected rice. Digests easily because it is steam puffed . . . each grain is eight times the size of an ordinary grain of rice. Every food cell thus is broken.

\* \* \*

Serve with milk or cream, or in bowls of half and half. Try with cooked fruit, or, as a special delight, with fresh berries or fruit. Serve as a breakfast adventure, as a supper dish supreme, as a bed-time snack that will not disturb sleep. Try, too, as a lighter luncheon for clearer minded afternoons.

\* \* \*

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## The YOUTH'S COMPANION

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### BASAL METABOLISM

**T**HIS is a term that is gradually wandering from medical into general literature, or rather into the daily papers, and it may therefore be of interest to learn what it means. Metabolism means the sum of the chemical changes in the tissues of the body whereby waste materials are removed from the cells and nutrient is brought to them for their repair. Basal metabolism means the lowest degree of cell activity consistent with the continuation of the bodily functions.

The chemical processes concerned in cell activity are really processes of oxidation, or burning, and they always produce heat. The basal metabolism is therefore expressed by putting this heat production into figures: by stating the number of calories (a word which must by now be sufficiently familiar to all who read articles on diet and nutrition) produced in a given time. Since the combustion that produces these calories is effected by oxygen, and the final product of such combustion is mainly carbonic acid, the basal metabolism may be determined by measuring the amount of oxygen inhaled or of carbon dioxide (carbonic acid gas) exhaled in a definite period, when the person examined is in a state of absolute rest.

There are several forms of apparatus that physicians use to measure the rate of metabolism. The determination must be made when the patient has been resting quietly in bed for some hours, and at least twelve hours after a meal, in order to eliminate the heat-producing factors of exercise and digestion. At present the estimate of the basal metabolism rate is principally of value in diagnosing affections of the thyroid gland, but its application is being gradually extended to the study of other diseases. A high basal rate is found not only when the thyroid gland is overactive but also in pernicious anemia; a lowered rate occurs when the thyroid is sluggish, and also in weakness resulting from prolonged fasting, whether through simple loss of appetite or from affection of the gutlet or stomach that prevent the passage of a sufficient amount of food.

### THE HOME

"ISN'T it the dearest place you ever saw, and isn't Miss Mary the dearest person? Doesn't it make life all over to spend an evening there? It's so good to know that it isn't money or the unobtainable things, but just the little everyday things we all can reach if we try, that make life beautiful. Nobody else ever makes me feel that like Miss Mary."

The other girls were ahead, and it was only Martha Snell who was with Beth. Martha's eyes darkened, and her mouth was hard.

"I don't know that I think it's so wonderful," she said. "Maybe she isn't rich, but anyone could make a home with lovely old china and furniture and books and open fires. I'd like to see her try it in a ten-by-twelve room with dingy matting and old pine furniture, and one shelf with thirteen books on it. Miss Mary's lovely of course—but all the same neither she nor anyone else could make a home without things, and it's nonsense to say they could. This is the corner to my ten-by-twelve! Thank you for taking me—and good night."

Martha turned away with a brief nod. Beth walked on slowly—she wanted to conquer her disappointment a little before she joined the other girls. She had so longed for Martha to understand!

Three days later there was a fire alarm early in the morning. The engines were prompt, but the fire had an hour's headway, and there was no saving the house. In less than an hour Miss Mary's home was in ashes.

The girls heard the news the next morning. They looked at one another, oddly. They had loved Miss Mary's so!

"If only she had saved her mother's china!"

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Agnes Wheeler cried; "or that old secretary; or her books!"

"Oh, it can't be that they all went!" Esther Gregory cried. "It wouldn't be fair, when she used them so for everybody."

They hurried to her as quickly as they could. It happened that Beth McMerry could not go until the second evening. She found Miss Mary already settled in a little three-room apartment. "It was all I could afford, you see, when I have to pay rent and buy furniture both," she explained cheerfully.

Beth's eyes filled with tears.

"O Miss Mary, wasn't anything saved?" she cried.

"A little silver and one of mother's cups. I ran for that and her picture the first of all. Don't look like that, child—we can still have candles. Why, dear, already something worth it all has happened. The old home burned, but two have come up in its place—this and Martha Snell's."

"Martha Snell's!" Beth gasped.

"Isn't it wonderful? She said, if I could make a home here, she could in her ten-by-twelve; she would take it for a 'dare.' We are going to buy some geraniums together Saturday."

"Martha!" Beth cried again. "O Miss Mary let's light a candle to celebrate—please!"

### HOT AND COLD METEORITES

**M**ETEORITES, those mysterious visitants from the sky, which are the débris of the "shooting stars" that occasionally hum across the heavens, are continually falling somewhere on the surface of the earth. We find in the reports issued by the National Museum at Washington two interesting accounts of meteorites, the fall of which was actually observed by trustworthy witnesses.

The largest of them fell near Colby, Wisconsin, on July 4, 1917. It weighed something like one hundred and fifty pounds, but when it reached the ground it struck upon a protruding rock and was shattered into more than twenty pieces. Such was the force of its impact that the largest fragment, which weighed nearly twenty-three pounds, buried itself five feet in the stiff clay soil.

Fortunately meteorites usually fall in the open country. Imagine what would happen if such a mass, at such a speed, should fall into a crowded city street; yet that is clearly possible.

At the same time another smaller piece, perhaps half the size of the other, fell into a cultivated field close by, without breaking. It buried itself at least two feet. The man who saw it fall and dug it from the ground declares that it was so cold that frost formed upon it when it was exposed to the air.

Quite different was the little meteoric stone that fell near Baldwyn, Mississippi, on February 2, 1922. That weighed less than a pound, and no one would have noticed its fall if it had not whizzed by the head of a negro farm hand and struck the ground not ten feet from where the man was standing. He says he first heard a noise like the humming of an airplane, and he looked up with the idea that a plane was overhead. He saw nothing, but the noise increased, and then, with a rush of air, the stone drove past him. This stone was so hot that when it was dug up a few minutes later it was almost too warm to handle and gave off a smell "like brimstone, or like a flint when it has been struck with steel."

It is commonly supposed that meteors are wholly or almost wholly composed of iron. That is not always the case is shown by an analysis of the Colby stone made by Dr. J. E. Whitfield, for the Public Museum of Milwaukee, where part of the meteorite is now on exhibition. Hardly more than one fifth of its weight is iron. The silica in the stone weighs almost twice as much as the iron, and there is also more magnesium than iron in its composition. Besides these elements there are smaller quantities of aluminum, nickel, cobalt, soda, potash, sulphur, chromium, phosphorus and manganese.

### O. HENRY'S PROMISES

**O.** HENRY,—otherwise Sydney Porter,—was, like many men of literary talent, temperamental. The fount of inspiration did not bubble continuously, and it often happened that a story which he had promised to his publishers on a certain day did not arrive until it was considerably overdue. Mr. William Johnston, an editor of the New York World, to which O. Henry at one time agreed to contribute a weekly story, tells of an amusing exchange of letters between himself and the author that followed the arrival of the story The Guilty Party at the World Office—late as usual. Mr. Johnston wrote him to this effect:

"There was once a celebrated author who appeared before the judgment bar. A host of people were there saying nice things about him when up spoke a weary editor and said, 'He never kept a promise in his life.'"

A special messenger brought this reply:

"Guilty, m'lud. And yet—some time ago a magazine editor to whom I had promised a story at a certain minute (and strangely enough didn't get there with it) wrote to me, 'I am coming down tomorrow to kick you thoroughly with a pair of heavy-soled shoes. I never go back on my promises.'

"And I lifted up my voice and said unto him: 'It's easy to keep promises that can be pulled off with your feet.'"

# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY IN THE YEAR

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DRAWN BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

*A gallant black-backed fish leaped*

## THE GREEN HACKLE

*By Ralph Henry Barbour*

PETE HALLETT closed the door of the hall behind him, shutting in the warmth and crackle of the burning logs and the voices of the dozen or so men assembled there. He crossed the wide porch and set out toward the guides' quarters. It was the third week in September, and the northern Maine air had a keen tang. The sky blazed with myriad stars; the hard-trodden path that led away from the shore, between dark pines and hemlocks and spectral white birches, was easy to follow. For that matter, though, Pete could have found it in pitch darkness, for Brightwater Camps was his domain, and he knew every foot of its twenty-odd acres. In the shadow of the dining hall he turned and looked back.

From the windows of the guides' quarters a ruddy light glowed, sending the shadows of the trees sprawling across the trail. When Pete opened the door the heat of the room came at him like a puff from a furnace. The great round stove was red-hot, and the water-filled kettle steamed merrily.

"I'd like to know what you boys are going to do when the weather gets cold," he said as he closed the door.

Warren Jones's apology was prompt. "Why, Pete, it's only on account of Dad's rheumatiz. Rest of us is nigh perishin' with the heat."

There was an appreciative chuckle from three of the four others and a contemptuous snort from Dad Ferris. Dad was fifty-odd years old and head guide, and he could out-paddle, out-walk any of them, and they knew it. "Young feller," he said, "you'll be holdin' up a marble slab with your chest before I get my first touch of rheumatiz. How's it look outside, Pete?"

"Clear and still and a mite frosty. Good

fishin' weather tomorrow. And that reminds me. The new feller, Kittell, wants some one to take him out in the morning." He looked round the room inquiringly. Dad and Ben Tappen leaned their heads again over the battered checkerboard. Warren became suddenly interested in the two-day-old Bangor paper. Johnny Williams began fumbling in the box for another stick of maple. Sid Slocum, otherwise the Kid, continued silently with his task of putting new lacings in his old moccasins. Pete's glance settled on Ben again. "How about you, Ben?" he asked.

"Aw, say, boss!" Ben's voice was tragic with reproach. "You told me I could get off tomorrow."

"That's so, I guess I did. The rest of you are spoken, ain't you? Guess it's up to you, Sid."

"All right, sir. What time's he want to start?"

"He didn't say. You better see him before he turns in." Pete chuckled and five pairs of eyes turned inquisitorily toward him. "They sure had him goin' when I left down there, boys. Seems he's been doin' good deal of talkin' since he got here about all the fish he's caught, and I guess the rest of 'em sort of got tired listenin' to him. Anyway, they sure had fun with him tonight."

"He makes me sick," grumbled Warren. "You'd think he was a cross between Ike Walton and John D. Rockefeller. How'd he ever happen to leak into this camp of ours, Pete?"

"Kind of a friend of Horace Lee's. So he said, anyway. Runnin' a sporting camp, Warren, you're bound to get a chub on your hook once in a while. Well, they had him goin' so when I lit out he was offerin' to bet



all kinds of money he could catch a bigger bass than any one of 'em."

"Well, he's got a good chance," said Dad gravely. "Got him the finest local guide in the State of Maine."

The others grinned; all but Sid, who flushed and bent more closely to his task.

"Did the others bite?" asked Johnny eagerly.

"Sort of. They wouldn't bet any money with him, but Mr. Stevens took him up. Last I heard, he and Stevens were to see which of 'em could fetch home the biggest bass tomorrow, and the feller that loses—Pete broke off to chuckle again.

"Yeah?" urged Ben.

"He's got to clean the fish."

"Huh," said Warren, "that's no wager!"

"Twill be if this Mr. Kittell loses," said Pete. "I guess he never cleaned a fish in his life. Say, you got Stevens tomorrow, ain't you Dad?"

Dad nodded, jumping three of Ben's men and winning the game. Johnny laughed joyously. "A fat chance the new guy has then!" he proclaimed. "Stevens can catch fish, fellers! And with Dad showin' him—"

"You forgot, Johnny," interrupted Dad Ferris reprovingly, "that Mr. Kittell's goin' out with Mr. Sid Slocum, our es-teemed and experienced local guide. Looks to me as if he'd won a ready."

"Aw, have a heart, Dad!" Sid's moccasin thumped to the floor as he jumped up. "I know I'm new at this game, but what of it? You were, too, once. What's the sense of pecking at me all the time?"

"Why, how you talk!" exclaimed Dad. "Ain't I sayin'—"

"You talk as if no one else had a right to be a guide," continued Sid bitterly. "You're

always throwing it at me that I'm just a local guide. Well, it's not my fault, is it, seeing I'm only eighteen, and you've got to be twenty to be—"

"Shut up, Kid," said Warren soothingly. "You're all right. Don't you mind him?"

"He don't need to pester me *all* the time, though. If it's just getting fish that makes a fellow a guide, I'll show him! I'll bet I know these lakes as well as he does, and—"

"Course you do, course you do," broke in Dad blandly. "Ain't I been sayin' so? Tomorrow, like as not, you'll fetch in the biggest granddaddy bass ever seen in these parts."

"It wouldn't have to be so mighty big to beat anything you've fetched in this season," retorted Sid wrathfully, and the door closed behind him with a slam.

"Ridin' him kind of hard, ain't you, Dad?" asked Pete.

"You got to make 'em eat a mite of dirt now and then for the good of their souls," answered the old guide blandly. "'Sides, this local-guide business makes me sick. Licensin' young whippersnappers that know no more about guidin' than I know about runnin' an airship!"

"Maybe so," agreed Pete, "but Sid's a nice boy. I've known him since he was a baby. His dad farmed over on Updike till he died; three-four years back it was; and Sid grew up round these lakes; and when he says he knows 'em he ain't lyin', I guess."

Sid was at the landing at half past seven the next morning, but, although Mr. Jerome Kittell had specified that hour the evening before, it was past eight before he strode importantly into sight. Self-importance was the outstanding feature of Mr. Kittell, although other features stood out also, for his eyes protruded, his forehead bulged, and he had a considerable paunch. For the rest, he was a short, soft-looking man of about forty,

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who spoke pompously and fairly proclaimed wealth. The night before the darkness had concealed Sid; now Kittell viewed him with a sense of outrage.

"Say, I told Hallett I wanted a guide, not a kid. You won't do, my young friend. Tell him to send me some one else."

"All the others are engaged, sir. I know the lake. I've lived here all my life."

Protestingly Kittell entered the stern of the boat. He was almost perfectly attired in expensive sportsman's apparel and held a split-bamboo rod of such superexcellence that Sid, as he rowed away from the landing, could scarcely take his eyes from it.

"What's your name?" asked Kittell.

"Sid Slocum."

"Well, Sid, if you know the lake as you say do, you take me where I can catch a whopping big bass. What's the biggest ever caught in here?"

"Six pounds and eleven ounces," answered Sid promptly.

"What? Not this season?"

"No, sir, three years ago. They haven't been running very big this year. Guess the one Mr. Stevens took about three weeks ago was the biggest. That was just over five pounds."

Mr. Kittell looked extremely thoughtful, even chastened, for an instant. Then his prominent eyes grew determined. "Know where he got him?"

"No, sir; he didn't say."

"Wouldn't, eh? Suppose that's what he and those other cheap skates back there call sportsmanship! Well, say, you lead me where I can catch one like that and you won't be sorry, Sid! I fancy a twenty-dollar bill would look pretty big to you, wouldn't it?"

Sid nodded, but with no great show of enthusiasm. "I'll take you where they are," he answered, "but you'll have to do the rest."

"That's all right, son. I've fished before today. I'll bet I've caught more fish than Stevens ever saw! Say, where are you headed?"

"Thought we'd try the Ledges, sir. There are some big ones in there, and—"

"Quit your kidding," responded Kittell severely. "There isn't eight feet of water there. Son, I was catching fish when you were in your cradle, and you can't come any of that stuff on me. The bass are still out in deep water, and that's where we'll go for them. How about that place they call the Deep Flat?"

"Not bad for small fish, but it's pretty well fished out by now. Two Mile Channel would be a lot better, sir."

"All right, but don't drop your anchor in any eight feet, son. I've fished for small-mouth before!"

It was fully nine o'clock before Kittell made his first cast. Evidently he did know a little something about bass fishing, for Sid approved his rod, tackle and choice of flies. He had put a brown hackle at the end of the six-foot leader and a yellow May above. His casts were long and well-executed, and success of a sort rewarded him speedily. A fifteen-inch bass chose the bright fly and would have put up a gallant fight if the fisherman had not promptly dipped his rod into the water and pulled the prey unceremoniously to the boat by the line.

"Rotten," he declared with disgust as Sid raised the net. "Throw him back again, my boy."

By ten o'clock he had taken four bass, but the largest would not have weighed more than two and a quarter pounds. All were cast back, and Kittell's temper grew very bad. He growled at Sid continually and lost several strikes by his heavy-handed, impatient methods. By half past ten the fish failed to pay any attention to the flies, and Kittell twice changed them. Sid's own rod was in the boat, but few guides will fish unless given permission, and Kittell evidently wanted all the fun for himself. Finally, about eleven, he bade Sid pull up the anchor and row farther out. Sid obeyed. The difference in depth was a matter of but two or three feet there. Kittell untied his flies, put on a 1-0 hook and somewhat surreptitiously abstracted a flat tobacco can from a pocket of his correct Norfolk jacket, a can with its lid well punctured with nail holes. From the can he fished forth a medium-sized green frog and impaled it neatly on the hook. Sid must have shown surprise, for Kittell laughed apologetically.

"Got to give them what they like, Sid. If they don't want flies, maybe they'll take a frog, eh?"

"They generally do," replied Sid evasively. Still-fishing with frogs, shiners, grasshoppers

## RESPIRE

BY JEANNIE PENDLETON HALL

*There's a look of Fall in this cool, slim moon;  
Aster blossoms make brave the grass,  
The winds are wearing their dancing-shoon,  
And a reckless thistle, as on they pass,  
Flings them its wealth; there's a white cloud-mass,  
And who'd stay in, such an afternoon?*

*Here is a comrade mad with glee  
As the trusty motor comes backing round—  
Tail wig-wagging in ecstasy,  
Four fringed legs in a frenzied bound,  
Yelps—a sob in their raptured sound—  
"Laggard Master, make haste!" cries he.*

*For he knows the grasses that blow like tides,  
The flashing stripe of a chipmunk's fur,  
A rustling clump where the brown quail hides  
Warning her covey with "Quit!" and "Chirr!"  
Thrill of a still, still "point" at her,  
The roar of a gun at his very sides.*

*But, fellow woodsman, my gallant one  
With the drooping ears and the noble head,  
Into this car I put no gun  
To wake the hills to an echo dread;  
I will dabble no small, soft breast with red;  
Will see no mean little murder done.*

*You shall leap from the car and shake your hair,  
Plunge and frolic where'er you may,  
But not for gems that a king might wear  
Would I snap one innocent life today  
When the sky is pure and the sumac's gay.  
Dog, we will look, and love—and spare.*

or even worms was all well enough for women or the sort of sportsman that filled the camps in summer, but now that the bass were taking the fly any other sort of lure was anathema to the fishermen who came to Hallett's for the fall sport. Sid himself would have caught a bass with a frog, or anything else he could find to do the business, had it been a question of providing dinner, but for a sportsman to bait with a frog in fly-fishing season under any other circumstances was almost like stealing! Possibly Kittell read disapproval in Sid's countenance, for he muttered and fiddled about crossly until the bait was down and a small lead sinker was holding it a foot or more above the bottom. Sid devoutly hoped that nothing would take that frog, but he knew that something would. And something did.

Kittell's eyes popped farther from his face as he began to feed out line inch by inch. "Big 'un!" he said hoarsely. "Have that net ready!" There was a well-timed strike, the line stretched taut, and, forty feet away, a gallant black-backed fish leaped high into the sunlight. Sid failed to get any thrill from that struggle, as long and exciting as it was to the fisherman, and he felt no triumph when the dripping, thrashing beauty came into the boat.

"Going to keep him?" he asked innocently. "Keep him! You bet I'm going to keep him!" Mr. Kittell feverishly sought his tape and measured the bass. "Eighteen and a half! Almost nineteen! What'll he weigh, son?" "Four pounds, maybe four and a quarter."

"Rot! He'll go nearly five! Look at the depth of him! Well, I fancy that trims Stevens, eh? I'll chance it!" Kittell laughed loudly and retired to the stern. Sid broke the neck of the trophy and turned the boat toward camp. The triumphant captor sat smoking a gilt-banded cigar and recounted former exploits to Sid's unsympathetic ears. At the landing he produced a hand-some wallet and from it extracted two ten-dollar bills.

"Here you are, son. Never go back on my word. Come to think of it, though, you didn't have much to do with getting that fellow for me. Picked out that place myself. Still, that's all right. Just bear in mind that there

"Nobody didn't tell you? Them fish was to be taken on flies, Kid. That was the understanding. My man told me so."

"Sure," corroborated Johnny. "No one but a near-sport like him would have thought of live bait, anyway, at this time of year! Why, dingbust it!"

"Say, Kid, they want you down to the hall!" Warren stuck his head in the door long enough to make the announcement and then disappeared. Sid rose, looked doubtfully about the table and turned toward the doorway. He went out amidst silence.

In the hall the big fire was going bravely, and the air was already blue with after-supper tobacco smoke. Warren was stoking the fire when Sid entered. Mr. Stevens called Sid from the door where he paused uncertainly. "Mr. Kittell wants you to certify this record for him, Kid. Just look it over and see that it's all right and put your name down where it says 'Guide,' please."

Kittell was standing with his back to the flames, his hands behind him and a satisfied smile on his round countenance. Sid went forward and bent over the record book, open on the deerskin that covered the big centre table. Kittell had made the entry in a bold, flourishing script, and Sid read it while Mr. Stevens continued:

"Second best catch of the season, Kid, and some of the glory's yours. You ought to be proud to sign that record, my boy!"

Sid was reading. There was the date in the corner, and then the blank lines had been filled in with "S. M. Bass—Jerome Kittell, New York City—Langbourn Rod—Coutts Reel—Black Eagle Silk Line—Ingraham Brown Hackle—4 lbs., 9 oz.—18 $\frac{1}{4}$  in." Then came Kittell's signature and in the lower left corner a dotted line still blank. That was where Sid was to sign. Mr. Stevens handed him a fountain pen. He laughed as he did so.

"After you've put your name down, Kid, you can gather round with the rest of the hopefully curious audience and see me clean him!"

Sid cleared his throat. Then he looked over at Kittell. That gentleman was still amiably smiling, but there was a message in the look he gave back. Sid placed the pen down on the table. "That isn't right," he said.

"Not right?" some one asked.

"What's wrong with it?" demanded Kittell.

"That about the brown hackle," answered Sid, looking him straight back. "It wasn't a brown hackle, Mr. Kittell; it was a green."

"A green hackle!" exclaimed Mr. Stevens.

"You're crazy," said Kittell indulgently. "Of course it was a brown hackle. Don't you remember? I had a hackle at the end and a yellow May—"

"That was before. You caught this fish with a green hackle, sir."

"Whoever heard of a green hackle?" an impatient voice demanded. "What the dickens is it?"

"A frog," replied Sid.

There was a moment of deep silence. Then Kittell strode forward, his smile gone. "You young liar!" he sputtered. "What—"

"Easy, Kittell," advised Mr. Stevens, "easy!" Evidently there's a mistake here."

Sid was fumbling in an inner pocket. He brought forth two ten-dollar bills, unfolded them and laid them on the table beside the record book. "I can't earn that, Mr. Kittell," he said.

"What do you mean? I—I didn't give you that!"

"Yes, sir, you did. When we got to the landing, I guess you must have forgotten about it."

Kittell looked from the money to Sid and from Sid to the faces of the dozen others about him. Then he laughed. It wasn't a successful laugh, though, and no one echoed it. "Of course," he muttered, "if you're going to take this—this boy's word in preference to mine—"

"That," said Mr. Stevens, "is exactly what we are going to do, Kittell."

Somehow, Warren had managed to get back to the guides' quarters when Sid reached there. Sid's entrance seemed to interrupt the conversation, for the room was still while he shut the door, and he was uncomfortably aware of the fact that four pairs of eyes were regarding him intently. Then Dad pulled himself from his place and came forward, one big, gnarled hand stretched out.

"Kid," he said, "maybe you're goin' to make a guide some day, an' maybe you ain't, but you've sure learned the first rule. You're square. Shake, Kid."

# JUDY AND HAMMERHEAD

## By Frances L. Cooper



JUDY ROSSLYN, fifteen, pretty, her tall young figure clad in a man's striped shirt, whipcord riding breeches, puttees, sat on a rock enjoying a crisp fall afternoon and caressing the nose of the beautiful horse before her.

"It's a low down shame, Hammerhead," she addressed him. "Just because I'm a girl dad wouldn't let me help take those beef steers to the railroad. It's not fair! And me with the best horse in the country—though dad doesn't know it yet!" Hammerhead flopped his lips suggestively. He wanted more of the sugar that had been his undoing and that had returned him into the toils of slavery.

For Hammerhead bore the wicked reputation of "outlaw"—the worst word in equine-dom, signifying an animal that fights mankind to the last gasp.

Dick Rosslyn, Judy's father and owner of the great Rosslyn cattle ranch, had acquired him a year ago for a mere trifle, smitten by his beauty and strength, thinking he would be a fitting mount for his own authoritative hundred and eighty pounds. Hammerhead was a tall, eleven-hundred-weight six-year-old, of good blood. Dappled iron gray, his high, proud head flung back a massive mane, matched by the equally black and flowing tail. In his forehead was the peculiar white square, joining on to a thin white stripe down his nose, that had won him his name.

He was a horse gone wrong. His first owner, loving him, had broken him with care, but, meeting with financial reverses, had sold him into what he thought were safe hands. Sold again, the great horse became the property of a rider noted for cruelty, a man who brought out the worst in a beast for the sheer pleasure of exhibiting his mastery. One jerk of the dreadful Spanish bit, a slash of the roweled spurs, and Hammerhead was transformed from an intelligent, tractable servant into a demon that believed all two-legged beings were monsters bent on torment. From that day on no man had been able to stay on his supple back. He bucked like a fiend, seeming to know by instinct all the equine, deathdealing tricks.

Rosslyn, after his best bronco-buster had suffered a broken leg, abandoned him temporarily. He allowed him to run with the work and saddle horses, occasionally permitting some buckaroo of fame to tackle him.

Judy, from the moment Hammerhead arrived on the big cattle ranch, had coveted him secretly, wistfully, almost hopelessly. For, said Rosslyn, "if I can ever get him gentled, Judy, he'll be as much yours as mine."

Judy had then despaired of fulfillment. She knew her father loved to see her superbly mounted, but he was far too busy to squander time on a beautiful outlaw.

Later a chance remark of her father's had planted the germ of hope in the girl's heart. "Why don't you make a pet of him?" Rosslyn joked one morning as they watched the big gray trotting nervously round the horse corral. Judy, her very soul going out to the wonderful animal, was absent-minded. She took the remark literally. The idea persisted. Why not try? It would be tremendous fun! Surprise her father to pieces!

Not a thought of wrongdoing, not a glimmer of the terrible danger she might encounter, entered Judy's confident, pretty head. The fall roundup was her golden opportunity. Her father and his cowpunch-

ers were absent weeks at a time, covering the vast territory that comprised the Rosslyn holdings. Cattle-stealing was prevalent, and it required constant watchfulness to preserve intact the hordes of roaming stock. And how Judy's father detested horse exercise! He much preferred to ride in the big, expensive new roadster—his delight and pride.

Judy's love for the big gray horse grew into a passion. And the horse pasture was a mile square—its upper end a long way from the house, where Mrs. Compton, her aunt and teacher, Milly the cook, and Ed, the rheumatic old chore-boy, ruled in her father's absences.

Accustomed to her independent, outdoor habits, they paid little attention to her in

through the girl when first his soft lips touched her outstretched fingers.

But he was very shy, and progress was slow. However, within ten days he was watching for her visits and gave every sign of enjoyment at the feel of her gentle hands. When he realized she meant no injury, he permitted her to rub him from head to hocks, to lean against him, to pick up his feet. Rosslyn would have turned gray to see his daughter then!

Judy never forgot the moment when, standing above him on a small bank, she eased herself on to his back. Would he, she wondered, give a crazy leap into the air, turn suddenly into the familiar, man-killing demon? She had seen him too often in the corrals as he strove to trample some thrown

As her confidence in the great horse increased she rode him farther afield. Once Bill, the foreman, gave her a scare.

"Didn't I see you," he asked, "a-ridin' a gray horse away over there by Ansell Point?"

"A gray?" she countered, not wishing to lie, yet terror-stricken. She so wanted to surprise her father, and Bill might spoil it all! "How come I'd be riding a gray horse when mine's sorrel?" she said. "Seeing things, Bill, seeing things!"

"Oh, well," he grumbled. "Must have been somebody else. Ain't but one gray horse here an' it's a cinch you couldn't be ridin' him!"

Bill's shock came sooner than Judy had planned. As she sat there on her rock this beautiful afternoon, lamenting to the attentive Hammerhead because she couldn't help drive the collected bees to the shipping point, some twenty-five miles to westward, Hammerhead jerked his muzzle up and stared in the direction of the ranch, ears pricked.

Judy followed his gaze. In that clear atmosphere she could see the buildings plainly—the house, the garage, the corrals, the minute figure of old Ed moving about his chores. She saw, too, a couple of mounted men lope into the house yard and begin to hold conversation with Ed.

Then she jumped to her feet, startled. Both men dismounted; then Ed was on the ground. She saw her aunt run from the house, meet one of the men, then scurry back as if in terror. Next Judy saw the strangers dash into the garage; her heart pounding, she saw them emerge seated in her father's beloved roadster. Faintly she heard the motor's roar, saw Ed scramble to his feet, heard the far-off crack of a rifle, saw the old man fall.

For a breath, she watched the speeding car as it fled down the road. A bound, and she was on Hammerhead's back. "Get going, boy!" she shouted. The big gray went leaping down the pasture with the speed of wind. She tied him to the hitching rack and flew into the house. Her aunt and the cook were bending over Ed and crying.

"Pshaw! Tain't nothin'!" he expostulated angrily. "Just nipped me. Should a-knowed better'n to draw my gun on 'em!"

"What's happened?" shrieked Judy. "Them two guys your pa fired last week've stole your pa's car an' shot Ed—that's what they've done—the murderer's brutes!" blubbered the cook.

"I tell you I ain't hurt much—just nipped me in the leg. If we had a telephone, we could head 'em off. But as 'tis we've just give away a good car! Couldn't catch 'em now, and if they get to the border it's good-by!"

Judy's aunt, a mild, ineffectual woman, and the cook shed tears. Judy thought. She remembered an important fact. The gasoline gauge on the tank didn't register. It was Judy's fault. Two days before, learning to drive, she had backed the car into a wagon and injured the device. So now the dial hand stood permanently at three-fourths full. Actually there were a scant three gallons in the tank. And three short gallons would not take the bandits more than fifty miles, for the road to the border, which branched away from the main road to town, was rough, and no car could make good time. According to Judy's estimation, the bandits would believe the gas register, fail to look and find themselves from ten to three miles from the border without gas. And there were no towns, except the one at the line, that they would have to pass through.



DRAWN BY CHARLES LASSELL

*"What—" he shouted, staring with incredulous eyes*

the afternoon. When she had finished with the morning lessons she would saddle her own good horse and hurry to the upper end of the pasture. Here was a small flat, high on the great hill above the ranch and overlooking it. Here, before the coming of Hammerhead, she read and dreamed, stretched along some fallen log, or sat and gazed at the panorama beneath her. Sometimes she practiced at target-shooting with the revolver her father insisted she always carry.

But with the coming of Hammerhead her days were changed. He was a perpetual, flamboyant challenge. What triumph if some day she were to ride him nonchalantly into the ranch just as her father and his men returned from some long trip!

If Rosslyn noticed his daughter's lack of desire to ride with him, he made no comment. Thieves had been rustling and worries annoyed him.

After Rosslyn made his jesting remark, never dreaming his daughter would take it seriously, Judy began to turn her air castle into actuality by the provocative expedient of favoring her various horse friends with morsels of sugar. This diplomacy bore fruit. Hammerhead, boss of the less fiery creatures, resented their rewards. He saw no danger in this unspurred, slender person with the kind voice, and it was not long until he accepted titbits from her hands. A wild thrill of mastery tingled

cowboy. But he didn't. He peered round as if to say, "What you do is all right, Judy. I know you won't hurt me!" She perched there on his shining, powerfully muscled back, then slid off to give him a lump of sugar.

There was another shaky minute when she took the saddle from her own horse and put it on him. The pressure of the weight, the tightening of the cinch, she knew, might rouse in him all his former unrest, fear and hate. He accepted the burden calmly enough with only uneasy twitches and quivers, turning once to give her a bright-eyed glance. And she remembered that once he was the loved pet of an easy-handed man.

For two days she saddled him, rubbed him and led him round. Then she mounted. As she put her foot into the stirrup and swung lightly, softly up, Judy knew that this was the supreme test. Either she had won or— He gave one frightful bound, nearly unseating her, then stopped, trembling from head to foot.

"Oh, boy!" she murmured, knowing she had won, but frightened out of her wits. "You have brains, haven't you? You knew I wouldn't hurt you, so you decided not to hurt me!"

Grimming with pleasure, she dismounted. When her heart stopped pounding she remounted and rode Hammerhead slowly two or three times round the pasture.

If she could get to El Sol, the shipping town, find her father, have him telephone the border guards, there might be a chance—provided she got there within a couple of hours.

The bandits' trail led through deserted country; it was unlikely that they could obtain gasoline. She chuckled, picturing their rage. An empty tank—nothing to do but walk. Excitedly, she told Ed, picking him as the most collected one of the group, what she planned to do. Her aunt and the cook wailed. Ed took her seriously.

"Might be done, but there ain't a decent horse on the place. If your pa hadn't took your sorrel, he might do it, but—"

"I have a horse! I'm riding Hammerhead!" Judy cried, tasting her moment of triumph. For what was the big horse made if not for just such an emergency?

Ed's eyes fairly popped as he took in her jerky story. Admiration lighted his face.

"Well—then if that's the case, Judy, go to it!"

She fled from the house, unheeding her aunt's timorous exhortations. Ed raised himself from the floor to see the huge gray thunder by.

"She's off! Y-y-ip-peee!" he whooped. But Judy never heard. She was too busy calculating the familiar road, where to race, where to save and coddle the big engine beneath her. "Twenty-five miles!" she whispered. "Got to do it in at least two hours, or they'll have time to find gas and steal that lovely car. And daddy worships that car, Hammerhead, as much as I do you!"

And they did it under two hours, but it was a horse, once gray, now black with sweat and foam that slid, quivering, to a halt where Rosslyn was tallying beef steers.

"What—" he shouted, staring with incredulous eyes at the apparition and losing his count, as the gray tossed froth into his face. Judy shrieked at him racing words.

A moment to grasp her story, a pounce for his horse, and he was gone. Presently, he

returned. "Done all I can," he announced briefly. "Telephoned all the rangers and every sheriff I can get hold of. If we catch 'em they're your meat, Judy!"

Then he scowled, taking in Judy's mount for the first time. "Where did you get that horse?"

Judy quaked. Her peak of triumph was vanishing. Was he going to be furious? Doubts of her conduct entered the girl's straightforward mind. Surely, though, there could be nothing wrong in making a pet of a horse he himself had not had time to train. And her father was always boasting about her horsemanship. Tears filled her eyes. Excitement was beginning to react upon her.

"It's—it's only H-Hammerhead—that you said I might make a pet of!" she explained quaveringly. Then a bit of her former exultation flared. "And—and I did!" she finished.

Her father glowered at her, wrath and

amusement strivings within him. Crazy little fool! Abruptly he decided. He whacked his daughter between the shoulder blades as he would a son, nearly toppling her over.

"One on me, girl! But I'll never joke with you about an outlaw again! I'm going to write out a long list of things you can and can't do on that ranch of ours!" His booming laugh was echoed by his cowpunchers—all old friends of Judy's.

Judy laughed through gathering tears. A car came snorting up. "They got 'em, Rosslyn!" shouted the driver. "Caught 'em walking down the road for gas! They never dreamed they'd get pinched. They're two guys you fired a week ago. They were sore! Laid low and picked a time to steal your car when there weren't any good horses or riders left on the ranch!"

"Well, they sure fell down there!" said Rosslyn grimly. And he added, "For here's the best rider and the best horse in the whole country!"

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS

*By Frances Lester Warner*



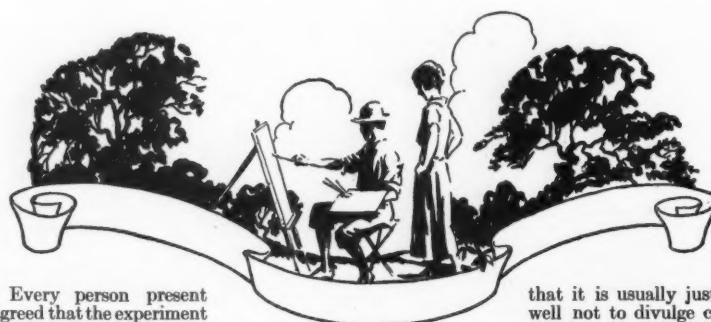
FAMOUS landscape artist was once encamped with his palette and brush on a high hill, painting. A lady of his acquaintance spied him there and strolled up the hill to look over his shoulder at his work. Suddenly she noticed that he had not arranged the trees with photographic exactness, but had left one out completely and had selected a peculiar gnarled, leafless one for special emphasis, placing it forward a little to bring out its strange twisted lines. This freedom of arrangement worried the lady so much that she could not resist asking a question. "Tell me," said she anxiously, "don't you respect Nature?"

The artist drew a long breath, swept his glance across the October landscape before him, and answered, "Yes, I respect Nature so much that whenever I start a sketch I offer up a little prayer and say, 'Excuse me, but I've got to move your things about a little.'"

The artist tells this story of himself, to illustrate the occasional need of modifying one's material in the interests of effective composition. One does not need to uproot the trees in order to see their perfect grouping and to trace their most striking outlines, choosing the essentials and simply discarding the irrelevant. It is a matter of directed attention, and no two artists would sift out the composition in the same way.

Ten students of art went on a picnic one perfect "sketching-day"—a day with fantastic clouds drifting across a brilliant sky and early-morning shadows across the little lake. They started early, to catch the shadows before the sun had risen too high. One artist brought water colors, another oils, another pastels, and the rest either pencils or pen and ink. Arriving at the lake, the company stood together for a moment gazing out across the lovely panorama of daybreak on smooth water and tall trees. Then, without a word, they all marched off in different directions to "find a picture." One chose a turn of the path through scrub pines, with just a scrap of lake showing through the trees. Another did the old rowboat beached high and dry on the rocks. The cartoonist of the company stealthily drew none too reverent portraits of his earnest companions and later entertained the group with a "one-man exhibition" of his works. Another painter tried to capture the beauty of the reflection in the water of trees and sky. And the crayon artist who illustrated children's books discovered a fairy ring of mushrooms under the low branches of a tree and made a fairy-tale picture of those, each mushroom serving as a perch for a pixie or an elf of its own. At luncheon time they all returned to headquarters and discussed the morning's work.

"I'll tell you what would be interesting," said the cartoonist, carefully protecting his masterpieces from violent fates; "if some day we all came out here and chose exactly the same bit of view, seen through the same 'finder,' and then compared our results. They'd be so different you'd never know them for the same."



Every person present agreed that the experiment would be amusing, but not one of the company really wanted to try the plan. Every one liked too well to choose a subject and to look at it through a "finder" of his own.

"Well," sighed the cartoonist, when he saw that nobody was going to aid and abet his plan, "I suppose that's the way we all look at life, through individual finders. I'd give a good deal if you'd each sketch the other members of this party, as I have already done. I'd like to see how each of you looks, according to the impressions of all the rest." He paused and gazed lovingly at his collection of caricatures. "And I suppose," he added, "that to make it fair we each ought to draw a portrait of ourselves."

"There's one experiment that would be even better than that if it were possible," said the fairy-tale illustrator, busily unpacking lunch; "if we had each made a sketch of all the others the first time we saw them, recording our very first impressions, and now that we are so well acquainted, if we should draw another set and compare the two. Most of my first impressions of you all were picturesque, but subtly wrong."

"Most of my first impressions were pretty tame, but subtly right," said the cartoonist. "It is only my long acquaintance with you that enables me to make you all as picturesque as this." He folded away his pencils and stowed the caricatures in his box. "I wonder," he added, "how true our first impressions really are."

Whether received through an artist's "finder" or through untrained observant eyes, first impressions are always interesting.

A trustful Englishman, arriving in New York Harbor, was eagerly taking in every detail, and inquiring about every point in the view of Manhattan that interested him.

"And what is that tallest structure over there?" he asked of an American traveler by his side. The citizen of the United States, suspecting the Englishman of the notebook habit, replied, "Oh, that's the spire of St. Woolworth's Church." Sure enough, down it went into the notebook, headed "First Impressions of the States"—the inspiring sight of St. Woolworth's belfry against the sky.

One's first impressions of a strange town are something

that it is usually just as well not to divulge completely to the old residents when one moves in,

cause the first impressions will so promptly and so repeatedly be revised. When people ask you, "And how do you like our city?" they no more expect you to give a complete analysis of your impression than they expect you to give a complete diagnosis of your health when they say, "How do you do?" It is the most natural question in the world to ask, because it makes conversation; and it is the hardest to answer, because after all what does a newcomer know about a town?

Now and then there is a newcomer in a community who has no hesitation at all about his views. Everything is wrong, and he is the man to set everything right. One such

cocksure young reformer burst upon a little river-valley town and at once began commenting on its shortcomings and suggesting immediate remedies. Among his greatest subjects of scorn was the manner in which the townspeople had left a certain beautiful tract on the riverside uninhabited and had preferred to build elsewhere. Any town with a spark of the aesthetic in its nature would have made that its loveliest residential district, he said, or at least a park. The idea grew upon him, and he "agitated" vigorously for a plan to make that tract into what he called "a going concern." He was met everywhere with polite attention but no response except enigmatic smiles. Since he never asked for explanations, the laconic New England villagers offered none. At last, exasperated by the reception that he laid to stolid apathy and slow-moving wits, he decided to invest some capital of his own in a real-estate enterprise, single-handed. He went to the farmer who owned the land, outlined his project and asked him the price of the tract. "The town itself," he concluded, "is too conservative to consider it, and they'll wake up just about six months too late."

"Do you want I should tell you about that land?" asked the farmer deliberately. "The reason why that land lies without a great deal of building enterprise centring on it is that it is under ten feet of water when the river rises every spring, and there's a landslide from that shale hill behind it pretty nearly every

year or so. If you'd been ten years older, I'd have sold it to you at a bargain and let you go ahead, as all the rest of the town was hoping you'd do."

The complaining newcomer is not putting himself into the best position to be told the most interesting traditions and facts about a town. The new resident who really wants to know what the town is like, in its best aspects, is contented, like newly elected members of Parliament, to listen for a while.

There was once a young mill-agent who was sent to a little manufacturing town for a year. Instead of being bored and superior, he "entered in"—not with the aim of playing for popularity, but simply because he was humanly appreciative and well-bred. In six months he was master of the most interesting facts about that busy little workshop of a town—not a prepossessing place at all, but so industrious and hard-pressed that it made him think of a description he had read once of a submarine-chaser during the war: "Since this boat is designed to sally out, chase and capture the enemy, no provision is made for the comfort of the crew." Everything about the little town was for stern utility, at first glance. But when springtime came the small local newspaper began to publish a mysterious article each week, unsigned—an article describing some really beautiful hidden feature of the town. Everyone in town looked for that article every Thursday when the paper was due. Nobody could guess who wrote it.

"It's somebody who's lived here years and years," said the Oldest Inhabitant. "There isn't a mistake in this piece about the history of Rabbit Rock Schoolhouse."

"It's somebody who's lived on one of the farms across the river," declared one of the dairymen vigorously. "Look at that thing written about the old swimming-hole. It must have been written by one of the boys who went swimming there in my day."

Finally, a year afterwards, when the young mill-agent had been promoted to a larger mill elsewhere, the editor of the newspaper cleared up the mystery. "That young man," said he, "came here and made his own business hum. And meanwhile he saw more beauty about this town than I ever saw when I was in Paris, France. He had two more articles that I wanted him to let me have, one on the family traditions, and one on Friendly Coalitions, but he said they were too personal, and some of us might think he had taken liberties to describe us, and he was going to keep them always unpublished, just to remember us by."

The most unpromising town does offer deep rooting-places for the affections, if one really looks at it with a spiritual "finder" instead of constantly comparing it with something else that it is not.

Of personalities, even more than of places, the first impressions are interesting to compare with later views. That young girl is lucky who can train herself early in life to connect her first impressions of new acquaintances with their names; if taken together, they stick in the memory more securely—the first attentive, vivid glance and the correct name.



There is no doubt that personalities emerge more distinctly and more pleasantly if one remembers names. In the first place, one feels more at ease if one has the name firmly in mind; in the second place, the new acquaintance is instinctively more friendly to the girl who has taken the trouble to learn the name. One has also a better grasp on all sorts of events and situations in town if one knows which person is which and what interest each of them represents.

Several years ago a girl of eighteen secured a position as assistant librarian in a little town in the Middle West—a town about which a critical observer could have written something cynical and a really observing critic would have written something sympathetic. As person after person came into the library, the young librarian would glance pleasantly up with a greeting and then examine the library card presented at the desk. As she stamped and dated the card for withdrawals and returns, she swiftly jotted down the person's name on a paper at her side. (She found out first whether it was the person's own card, of course!) And somewhere in the transaction, she found a natural opportunity to speak the name she had just learned. In this way she received three impressions—the visual impression, the sensation and record of writing down the name and the actual sound of the name as she pronounced it. Then in the first few weeks she played the game of identifying her new acquaintances as they strolled in and out or when she saw them on the street. She found her interest in the community growing, and she began to feel a thrill of discovery when she met other members of the same families to add to her collection of names. It was like collecting all the rare editions of a certain author or all the stamps of a certain series.

On account of her alert, friendly ways, the townspeople began to feel as if she had always been one of them, she slipped so easily into their most pleasant plans. One evening the next summer she was one of a group at a veranda party at which a newcomer in town was being competently discussed. The newcomer under consideration was the young secretary of the superintendent of schools. She had made no secret of the fact that she found the town intolerably crude, and she grouped it and all that was in it under that one head.

"She's bright," insisted the kind hostess, "and really very attractive if she would only see what's going on about her."

"She's bright," agreed the hostess' son, "but I'm not sure she's attractive. You can't get her number."

"I rather am fascinated by that very thing!" said the assistant librarian. "Wouldn't it be interesting to be so mysterious and aloof that nobody could 'get your number'?"

"I'll tell you what *your* number is," said one of the Tech boys suddenly; "it's one of those magic numbers you learn about in math, a number like twelve ninety-six, divisible by almost every other number. The reason why we all got *your* number so soon is because it has something in common with all sorts of other numbers. You can tell the head librarian that that's *your* number—twelve ninety-six!"

The first impressions of places and the first impressions of personalities often link themselves in a third impression—the impression of events. A plan is so ideal; the actual working out is sometimes so unexpected. But an event is not always what it seems at first sight. Twice in Theodore Roosevelt's career he thought that his future was blocked—once when he was defeated in his early days as candidate for a position in New York and once when he was made Vice President. On both these occasions he made the same remark. He said, "I do not disguise from myself the fact that this marks the end of my political career."

When Madame Curie was searching for the new element radium, she tells us, she and her husband had thought of it and hoped for it so long that they had even begun to imagine what it would look like. Pierre Curie had hopes that it would display beautiful colors. But when the wonderful discovery was at last complete there was no rainbow color, but something else that neither of them had dreamed of—a luminous glow.

Experience is like radium—all experience, whether with places, persons or events. When you actually find the experience, it may not be quite what you were looking for; but if you deal with it carefully and skillfully until you transmute it into its purest and most essential form, it will display great unexpected powers and energies of its own. It may not be of a very beautiful color—but it will glow.

# A MOTHER OF TEN

## By Elsie Singmaster



HE city had a curious way of naming its streets. The great thoroughfares running north and south were numbered, the great thoroughfares running east and west were given common-place names, while the alleys between were called avenues and were Balm Avenue and Primrose Avenue and Strawberry Avenue. But Primrose Avenue and Strawberry Avenue saw no primroses and ate no strawberries, except a few boxes of a very dilapidated variety cried late on hot summer afternoons; and certainly Balm Avenue offered no cure for any trouble.

To Mrs. O'Hara, who lived on Balm Avenue, the names of the alleys were irritating. She had been country bred, she had seen both primroses and strawberries in her father's garden before the oldest of ten had come into the world. After the first year of her married life there had been baby after baby, and presently washing after washing, to prevent Mrs. O'Hara from visiting her old home. Now Mrs. O'Hara washed for six families; if there had been another week day, she would have washed for seven.

It must be said for Mrs. O'Hara's husband that he had a beautiful disposition. He loved his wife, he loved his children; when Mary brought home great baskets of food from Judge Scott's, he loved the rich.

The gods had given to Mrs. O'Hara no such placid soul. In summer Mrs. O'Hara scolded about the heat, in winter about the cold. Most of all she scolded about her landlord, Patrick Boyle. "Bloated like a frog he is, and askin' ten dollars a month for the hole I live in! And if I'm a day late, he's persecutin' me!"

Mrs. O'Hara hoped long and bravely for an improvement in the condition of the family, but no improvement came. O'Hara's periods of idleness increased in number and lengthened in duration. Mrs. O'Hara had always rejoiced in her children from Ignatius to Baby Patricia. They were good-looking, and she kept them neat and clean and as far as possible uncontaminated by Balm Avenue.

After the arrival of Patricia calamity

threatened the family. Mrs. O'Hara's strength failed; she found it necessary to ride to her various places of labor, and she could no longer do a large washing in half a day.

Early one winter morning she rose from her bed and set about making breakfast. She was tired; she had gone to bed weary and had risen more weary still. Mr. O'Hara rose also and helped to dress the children. He beamed upon his family—he was not one to look fearfully into the future.

"Good-by," he called when his dinner pail was packed. "Good-by, Ignatius and Thomas Mary, *et cetera*." He invariably ended his farewell with this little pleasantry.

When he had gone Mrs. O'Hara gave directions to a neighbor's daughter whom she paid to take care of her brood.

"Ignatius and Anselm and Thomas Mary and Catherine and Ellen are to start to school at eight sharp and to come back sharp. Lucy, give the baby no drops till he hollers unmerciful. The others ain't to put foot out the door; it's too cold."

Mrs. O'Hara departed at once, carrying a large basket. This was the only happy day of her week. Mrs. Scott paid her car fare both ways and occasionally sent her home in her automobile. The Scotts had a large laundry in which the wash could be hung on stormy days, and when Mrs. O'Hara's work was done the Scott larder overflowed into her basket, the Scott wardrobe into her arms.

But her position at the Scotts' offered a still greater boon. The fine house stood upon a high bluff, overlooking a great stretch of country with bits of woodland and farms and the many comfortable buildings of the county home. Upon this landscape Mrs. O'Hara rested her eyes, weary with looking at Balm Avenue.

"The almshouse wouldn't be a bad place," she thought. "I'd feel no shame in it. If they'd give me the house with the red roof, I'd raise my children decent and honorable. O'Hara could work the garden, and there'd be no strikin' on that job. Then Pat Boyle might stand all day like a bloated frog, and he'd get no money of mine."

To Delia, the dining-room girl, Mrs. O'Hara imparted her admiration for the house with the red roof.

"But that ain't a place for the inmates,

Mrs. O'Hara," explained Delia. "That's for the fireman. There he lives rent free and gets a hundred dollars a month besides."

"Oh, my soul! Who is he?"

"He was Tim Brown that lived on Second Street. But he's dead."

"Tim Brown was no fireman; he was a butcher."

"He had the place, and he got the pay," explained Delia. "Then he hired a man for less to do the work. That's politics."

"Who will have it now?"

"Pat Boyle."

"The grocer?"

"Yes, he's in with the party."

The blood, rushing to Mrs. O'Hara's head, threatened a stroke. Then it began to throb in her temples. Dollar upon dollar of her money had gone to make Patrick Boyle rich; for twelve years she had paid him rent, not always promptly, it is true, but never with any great delay. She remembered with alarm that she had reviled him and had called him a bloated frog, but that he did not know. And perhaps she had misjudged him; perhaps he was, after all, kind at heart. Her mind took a wild leap. She saw herself living in comfort in the little house with the red roof, her beautiful children attending the country school whose flag showed bright against the snow. The work of fireman would be nothing for O'Hara, who had once been a fireman in a factory.

"Primroses and strawberries and balm of Gilead in the yard! And my children growin' up decent!"

Mrs. O'Hara did her work no less thoroughly for all her dreams. She rubbed with a mighty arm.

"I could come across the fields to wash for Mrs. Scott," she thought. "Twould be no such great walk."

By the middle of the afternoon she was on her way home. It was her custom when she reached her dwelling to dismiss her assistant and to begin to set things in order. Young Lucy did her best, but there were four children to be taken care of all day and dinner to be prepared for six others. Now, to Lucy's surprise, Mrs. O'Hara did not praise her or relieve her of her burden.

"I'm goin' out," she announced.

Donning her best dress and her black bonnet and making no further explanation,



DRAWN BY HAROLD SICHEL

"I am the president of the marching club of the city, Your Honor"

she departed. She went straight to Patrick Boyle's grocery.

Her landlord stood behind his counter, talking to a stranger. Beaming, she advanced toward him; astonished, Patrick Boyle regarded her. He had never been honored by a visit from Mrs. O'Hara. The man with him looked at her with curiosity. She had an air of cleanliness and dignity.

"Good day," said Mrs. O'Hara.

"Good day," answered Patrick Boyle.

"I hear that the place of fireman at the county home is vacant; I hear you can give it out. I come to see about it for O'Hara."

The eyes of the men met. Patrick Boyle drew in his chin and dropped the corners of his mouth. "You talk foolishness, Mrs. O'Hara," said he.

Mrs. O'Hara flushed. She was accustomed to being treated with respect. But she would not lose her temper. She smiled.

"They say the place is worth a hundred a month. We'd let you keep twenty, Mr. Boyle."

It was now Mr. Boyle's turn to grow red. The man with him was unfortunately Mr. Boyle's appointee for the position, and of his salary Mr. Boyle expected to keep fifty dollars a month.

"There's two things you'd better do," he stormed. "You'd better pay your rent a little prompter, and you'd better go home to your little rabbits, Mrs. O'Hara."

Mrs. O'Hara knew when a position was hopeless; with bent head and scarlet face she left the presence of Mr. Boyle.

Greater humiliation awaited her. As she turned the corner she heard angry voices and came upon a ring of boys and men. It was Mrs. O'Hara's impulse to dash at once upon the two small contestants in the centre, but she restrained herself. A wise person does not interfere with quarrels in Balm Avenue. Then her heart sickened. The two little boys in the ring were not the children of her neighbors, but her own; the abominable names that shocked Mrs. O'Hara came from the lips of Ignatius and Thomas Mary.

She had started from her house with a light heart and empty hands; she returned with a heavy heart and with both hands laden. In her heart she bore cruel disappointment and Patrick Boyle's insult; in one hand she held Thomas Mary, in the other Ignatius. She was not so spent that she could not administer proper punishment, but when the punishment was over and the two boys were in bed she knew that her problem was not solved, could not be solved on Balm Avenue.

Now she turned to pay Lucy her hard-

earned money and to praise and thank her as best she could. But Lucy had gone, leaving word that she would come no more.

An hour later O'Hara returned. Usually he swung his dinner pail gayly; now he held it in a tense hand.

"He called to me from the grocery, Mary. He said we will have to leave. Where in the world will we go?"

Mrs. O'Hara made no answer. She went grimly about her work, beaten, discouraged, despairing. There was no help in O'Hara; he was but another child to be taken care of. After he had put the younger children to bed he laid his own troubled head upon the pillow. Then Mrs. O'Hara gave way to grief. She covered her face with her apron and wept aloud.

"The indecency of him! And the little house in the country is so sweet!"

According to her custom, she rose early in the morning. Her day was complicated by the resignation of Lucy, who must be coaxed back, and by a fumigation of the schools, which would keep all the little O'Haras at home. She was almost distracted.

"I'd like to know who gave the government of the world to Patrick Boyle," she muttered as O'Hara went out of the door with his dinner pail.

O'Hara, standing on the doorstep, revealed a masculine acquaintance with the difficult subject of politics.

"Patrick Boyle doesn't give the position. Judge Scott gives it. But Patrick Boyle has influence."

Mrs. O'Hara stood still, blinking. Slowly her lips parted; a gleam came into her eyes. Judge Scott! Influence! Frantically Mrs. O'Hara called to her husband to return. But he had caught the car at the corner and was beyond recall. Mrs. O'Hara began to pace up and down the room, her hands held to the sides of her head. Then she began to work furiously. She made no preparations for her day of washing; she began another sort of ablution. One by one she seized upon her children and bathed and dressed them and sternly commanded them to remain in the good order into which they were put.

"I can't leave you behind," she said. "And there's no time to coax that Lucy. You've got to behave, or worse'll happen to you than has happened before."

At half past eight the children were dressed. They sat about, round-eyed and silent. Once, after being put through a process such as this, they had been taken to see a great parade; now all of a thinking age but

Thomas, Mary, and Ignatius anticipated a repetition of that unspeakable joy.

Presently, two by two, as if they themselves were a parade, Mrs. O'Hara led her family forth, out Balm Avenue to Third Street and down to the central square of the city. She avoided carefully the neighborhood of Patrick Boyle. She was not afraid of him; she was filled once more with hope and courage; but she was afraid of his vulgarity. If she had known that Patrick Boyle out collecting his rents had seen her leading her procession and had gazed at her with astonishment and questioning, she would have returned home, important as was her errand.

To the courthouse on the square, her youngest baby in her arms, her second youngest propelled in an ancient perambulator by his oldest brother, the rest on foot, proceeded Mrs. O'Hara.

The court room was almost filled in anticipation of an important case, but the last row of seats was empty, and into it Mrs. O'Hara thankfully escorted her children.

She knew nothing of the ways of courts, but she was impelled and supported by her cause. With admiration and awe she beheld the judge take his seat upon the bench.

Sitting with the sleeping baby in her arms, she waited until the court was opened. Then, with her family still hidden, she laid the baby in the arms of Thomas, Mary, and bravely advanced down the aisle. The baby might cry—indeed there were four of crying age; it was well to begin at once. The prominence of her position reddened her cheeks and banished the signs of weariness from her eyes. Mrs. O'Hara was a comely person. Directly to the judge she now made her plea.

"Your Honor—" this much she knew about the customs of courts—"I am Mrs. O'Hara. I have done the washing in Your Honor's family these ten years. Mrs. Scott is my friend. I come to ask for the place of fireman at the county home for O'Hara."

Mrs. O'Hara was not embarrassed. The judge looked upon her with a kindly expression; her large audience gave her earnest attention; she thought already, poor soul, that the position was hers. She drew a deep breath and went on with the speech she had prepared. "O'Hara is an industrious man—"

Then, suddenly, alas, Mrs. O'Hara's account of her husband's virtues was cut short. A door at the front of the court room opened, and Patrick Boyle entered. He had meditated upon the hegira of Mrs. O'Hara and her family; he recalled the growing exorbitancy of woman, he remembered that the newly elected Judge Scott showed unpleasant

signs of independence. He suspected that Mrs. O'Hara might apply for the position; that she would venture into the court room and make a public plea he did not dream; that she was acquainted with the Scott family he did not know. Now he advanced, his face red, his great chin more prominent than ever. He was furiously angry.

"Your Honor," said he, rudely interrupting Mrs. O'Hara, "my application is in, in the proper form. I am the president of the marching club of the city, Your Honor, and also of the Third Ward Club. Both are known to Your Honor."

Mr. Boyle grew less angry as he spoke. His appearance in this court room had never been without effect; as he mentioned his important offices the prestige of his position and the impudence of Mrs. O'Hara's became more and more clear. When he sat down he seemed already to jingle the fireman's salary in his pocket. He smiled when the judge addressed a question to the insignificant Mrs. O'Hara, still standing in the aisle.

"Why should O'Hara have it?" asked the judge.

If it had not been for the confusing and humiliating presence of Patrick Boyle, Mrs. O'Hara might have given many good reasons. But she could think of nothing to say.

Then, suddenly, a little sound disturbed the court room. It was not a cry, it was hardly more than a whimper, but it was unmistakably a sound produced by a child. Mrs. O'Hara's head lifted, every other head turned toward the back of the room. With a bound Mrs. O'Hara traversed the aisle. That little, helpless cry had never failed to find prompt answer in the breast of Mrs. O'Hara. It now accomplished more; it restored courage to the soul of Mrs. O'Hara. She forgot Patrick Boyle, she became once more the proud mother of Ignatius, Thomas Mary, Ellen, Catherine, Anselm, *et cetera*.

"Stand up, Ignatius," commanded Mrs. O'Hara. "Stand up, Thomas Mary. Give me Patricia, Thomas Mary. Hold up little Ann, Ignatius. Ellen and Anselm and little Francis, stand on the seat." Smiling, with crimson cheeks and with eyes at the same time proud and pleading, Mrs. O'Hara faced the judge and, like Cornelia of old, pointed to her children. "These are the reasons, Your Honor," said Mrs. O'Hara.

Then Patrick Boyle's mouth opened, hinged-like, and Mrs. O'Hara began to cry.

"The reasons are good," said Judge Scott. "O'Hara is appointed."

But the main shore could not be more than six or eight miles to the east, and the railway was probably only five or six miles farther. It might take a few hours more to reach any station, but they reckoned that they could make the journey in one long day's tramp.

They were all going. Nobody wanted to stay alone upon an unrelieved diet of solid meat, which was growing somewhat distasteful already. But Roll and Matt intended returning from the railway with a sled-load of fresh provisions while Walter took the train for Georgeport. Within three or four days he could be back with a heavy tug, capable of smashing through the shore ice and grappling up the ore sacks.

Matt roasted huge lumps of venison that night as provision for the journey, and in the early light of the next morning they were ready to start. The fire was put out, the cabin made fast, the lumps of broken ice carefully scattered, so that nothing about the cabin was likely to attract the attention of any one. They left the cooking utensils behind, packing only their guns, blankets, ammunition and lunch, and they made off at a good speed in the frosty air, laughing and talking, in high spirits at the approaching successful ending of the adventure.

They were disconcerted to discover this morning that the heavy sled had left traces here and there on the ice, after all. But the track was too faint and broken to be followed by any but an expert trailer.

Their course took them past the island where the ore had been hidden, and where Matt had killed the deer, but they did not pause. In the course of an hour's steady tramping they had covered three or four miles and were crossing a broad ice channel when Matt halted, listening.

"Thought I heard something!" he muttered. "Sounded like—look there!"

Between the islands there was an unbroken vista for a quarter of a mile north, and in that direction, a couple of hundred

**T**HE boys laid the Kingfisher up that evening, lest she should be injured by further freezing in. She had to be chopped out of two inches of ice and then, with infinite labor, hauled upon rollers. Not to risk damaging her propeller they hoisted her astern upon Roll's sled and slid her along the ice to a line of cedar thickets a hundred feet up the shore. It was exhausting work, but eventually they got the boat stowed inside the cedars well out of sight, covered her with the now useless tent and piled branches over all.

That night proved the coldest yet. Water froze hard in the lean-to, and the ice the next morning seemed surely safe, even for heavy loads. The boys were up before daylight, to make a long day of it, and the sun was barely above the trees when they set out through the snapping cold air, dragging the sled by a long rope of twisted and braided raw deer-hide, in which crossbars had been affixed for handgrips.

The ice was solid indeed, and the sled ran smoothly, though it would run better as the runners polished with wear; and, as Matt pointed out, the wooden runners would leave no traces on the ice, so that their course could not be trailed.

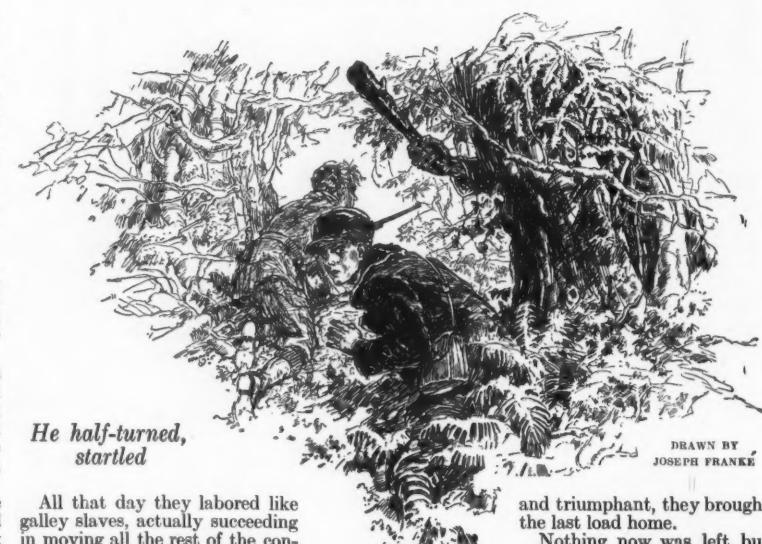
The cache of concentrates was exactly as they had left it, and they proceeded to load the sled. By experimenting they discovered that, with one of the boys pushing behind and two pulling, they could transport quite as much as with the boat, though with greater labor.

A more vital problem was how much the ice would bear. With about six hundred pounds on the first trip they did not break through anywhere, and, though the ice once or twice cracked threateningly, they reached Detroit Island without misadventure. The former hole in the ice was frozen over hard; they cut it out afresh, and dumped the sacks under.

## SILVER DRIFT

By Frank Lillie Pollock

### IV. THE HIGH-GRADERS



He half-turned,  
startled

All that day they labored like galley slaves, actually succeeding in moving all the rest of the concentrates—fully four tons. The heavy sacks were strewn over an area of many feet on the bottom, and were piled almost to the surface, but the next night's freezing could be counted upon to hide them. It was dark when, tired, aching

and triumphant, they brought the last load home.

Nothing now was left but to go out with the news of success, and it was with a great sense of victory that they ate their last venison supper in Detroit Camp. They gave up the idea of trying to sail the Kingfisher home; the ice was too thick.

DRAWN BY  
JOSEPH FRANKE

yards away, a dog sled shot out from behind the spruces—a big sled, drawn by many dogs, going at a fast trot, with four men running beside and behind.

"Get out of sight—quick!" Walter ejaculated.

They started to make for the nearest cover. It was too late; they had been seen. The dogs pulled up, swerved, and the caravan came racing down upon them, rattling over the ice. For a second it flashed upon Walter that this might be a relief expedition sent for them, but as the strangers came up he knew that this hope was vain.

Dog teams are not common in that region—he had rarely seen one. Seven dogs hauled the sled, big, powerful, savage-looking beasts like a cross of great Dane and collie. The sled was a big one too, set on steel runners and having a large empty box like a truck. The four men accompanying it were rough, dark-faced woodsmen, dressed like lumberjacks, and they stared at the boys with a surprise that had no good humor in it. Three of them carried no weapons, though there were three rifles in the empty sled box; but the man who advanced to speak carried a double shotgun in the crook of his arm.

"Hello, boys!" he hailed them. "What you doin' on the trail?"

The three other men gathered behind the sled, staring and muttering to one another. The dogs sat down in their harness and lolled, panting, as if they had traveled far. Walter had a strong impression of having seen this man before—this middle-aged, thick-set man with an unshaven brown face and a shaggy moustache, who searched each of the boys in turn with sharp eyes.

"We're trying to get out," Walter answered him. "We've been on a motor-boat cruise, and got frozen in. Had to lay the boat up and tramp."

"Where'd you leave your boat?"

"Ten miles off yonder," Matt broke in, pointing in a direction that was not that of Detroit Camp.

The man turned and studied him curiously, and at that moment Walter remembered where he had seen his interlocutor. It was months ago, and he had seen him only once, but he was perfectly sure of the identification. With a chill alarm he wondered if the *voyageur* had recognized him in turn.

"Fine dog team you've got," said Roll, conversationally. "Going far?"

"Going to White Island for grub. There's a store there, if they ain't closed for the winter. Me and my pardners is trapping back yonder," with a vague gesture eastward.

"How far is it out to the railroad?" Walter asked.

"Bout fifty miles—the way you're heading," returned the other, with a grin. "You want to swing more to the north. You'll hit the rail then within a dozen miles—better traveling, too. Hilton's the nearest station."

"Much obliged," said Walter, desperately anxious to break off the interview. "We've got a tramp ahead of us. Come on, boys."

The woodsman hesitated, apparently having something more to say, but he only shouted "good-by" as the treasure finders started down the ice again.

With a gesture and a word under his breath Walter drew his companions round the shelter of the first island they reached. The dog team was just disappearing behind a black jungle of spruce a hundred yards away. He turned to the others excitedly.

"They're the ore pirates! They're the high-graders!" he exclaimed. "Do you know who that fellow was that talked to us? That was Mitchell, the foreman that Dan fired last summer for stealing ore. I saw him when I was at the mine in July. There's no doubt what they've come after."

"I knew it right away," said Matt. "What would they have that big sleigh box for except to haul something heavy? Those big dogs would soon move the stuff. They could haul nearly as much as a horse on this smooth ice. And White Island! There's no store on White Island—never was."

"Well, look here!" said Walter. "This changes all plans. We mustn't all go out now. One will have to go and bring back grub and help, and the other two of us must stay here and follow up that gang and see that they don't locate the ore. I believe you've got the longest legs, Roll."

"All right. I'll go out," Roll returned. "I'll make a quick dash of it—no stops for meals. Think I'd better head more north, as Mitchell said?"

"No, never!" Matt cried. "He was trying to misdirect us. Go straight east till you hit

the railroad, and then follow along it till you come to a station. Then get your father on the telegraph wire."

"Yes, or Dan," said Walter. "Maybe there'll be a long-distance telephone. You can tell them how we're fixed, and they can send help, either by a tug or over the ice, as they think best. Then you'll get together three or four men with guns and all the grub you can haul or pack and hike back here like lightning."

"Trust me! I ought to get there before dark," Roll calculated. "I'll start back tomorrow morning. You should see me back here by sundown. I'll bring back a gang of fighters with me. Sure you fellows can hold the fort till then?"

They assured him of it; and Roll gave them each a hearty handshake and started down the ice at a rapid pace. Walter and Matt watched him disappear behind the islands and turned back.

"If those fellows are the men we take them for, they'll make straight for their old cache," said Matt. "We must find out just where they've gone. Lucky we can trail those steel runners on the ice, easy."

The scratches of the sled runners led the boys up the channel, round island after island, through one wooded passage after another, but the dog team had got a long start and did not come in sight.

"We might get back into the cabin," said Matt thoughtfully. "But I don't know that I quite want to. We might be besieged there, with no water inside and no firewood. But most likely those pirates'll never find Detroit Island at all."

It grew more and more apparent that the dog team was heading for the island where the barge had been wrecked. A mile farther the boys narrowly escaped running upon it as they came round a densely wooded island. It had stopped on the ice, apparently for some readjustment of the dog harness. Badly startled, the boys skulked back into cover and crouched there, till they heard the sled start again.

The trail seemed to wind in and out of the tortuous channels till Walter lost all idea of direction; but all at once Matt halted and pointed to a great red blotch on the ice.

"Here's where I dropped the deer."

Then Walter recognized the scene. It was the large island of the silver cache that was before them. At the farther end and on the other side lay the wrecked barge. The sled trail headed up the shore, but nothing moving was in sight ahead.

"There'll be some shouting when they find the ore's gone," said Matt.

For several minutes they listened and looked, but there was no sound of distant obtrusions. A swarm of whiskey jacks squalled in the cedars, and that was all. But, to be on the safe side, they left the ice and struck into the dense growth ashore to cross the island.

They edged their way slowly and noiselessly through, and came out on the other side. Up the shore they could see the little cove where the barge lay sunk. The dog sled was not in sight, nor was any man about the shore.

Cautiously they began to work their way up toward the old cache, halting frequently. Nothing seemed astir. If the high-graders had really visited their old hiding place they must have moved on, perhaps trying to trace where the concentrates had gone. Matt wormed his way with the speed and silence of an accomplished still-hunter, and Walter imitated him as well as he could, though caution began to seem needless to both of them.

They came near the upper end of the island. Raising his head, Walter could see the blackened framework of the barge's hull in the ice. The sledge was certainly not here, and it was impossible to see whether it had passed.

"I do believe—" Walter began; but Matt held up his hand warningly. It seemed to Walter also that he had heard a faint sound, like a hissing whisper, somewhere not far ahead.

But for a long time there was dead silence, except for the screeching jays. Matt again began to crawl forward, on his hands and knees this time, with Walter just at his heels.

In this way they progressed a dozen yards, when Walter seemed to catch from the corner of his eye a glimpse of something moving among the cedars. He half-turned, startled, and as he turned he had a stunned sense that a tree had fallen on his head. There was a blinding flash on his eyeballs, and then black nothing.

TO BE CONTINUED.



## The girl who was raised to be a beauty

by Carrie Blanchard

THE LOVELIEST GIRL IN AMERICA stood before me. She was beautiful! Slender, clear-eyed, smiling, with a complexion—a real complexion—that almost made me gasp. I had come to learn her "secrets of beauty." Her mother laughed when I asked the question.

"I am afraid Ruth's 'beauty secrets' are not very thrilling," Mrs. Malcomson said. "Fresh air, exercise, plenty of sleep, wholesome food—just the things which everyone recognizes as necessary."

Just the things which everyone recognizes! Simple rules, perhaps, but from my work I know how few girls put these things faithfully into practice.

"And has Ruth always observed these rules?" I asked.

"Yes, always," her mother replied. "You see, from the very first, I wanted Ruth to be beautiful. So we have not taken any chances. I think carelessness in apparently small details often means the difference between success and failure. Ruth has never tasted coffee or tea, for instance—because the best authorities condemned them. I haven't been an exacting mother, either—Ruth has had a mighty good time. But the things I have encouraged her to do have been so sensible that they have fallen in naturally."

It pleased me particularly that Mrs. Malcomson said this—for this is a point I have always made! There isn't a single thing necessary to attaining our best which is unnatural or "fadish." Of course, every girl cannot be a Ruth Malcomson,

but every girl can make the most of her own possibilities—yet so few do! Beauty doesn't just happen! It is developed! And so much depends on what we eat and drink!

That is why I am proud of my work for the Postum Cereal Company—to help in turning thousands, every month, from dangerous tea and coffee to a wholesome, delicious drink like Postum. It is a decided step in the right direction—a "small" detail which often means the difference between nervousness, sleeplessness, headache, indigestion, and the buoyant health so necessary to beauty! And Postum, filled with the rich flavor of roasted wheat, is so good to drink!

Miss Malcomson drinks Postum, by the way. I wish you would do this for thirty days, just as a test. Will you accept my offer?

### Carrie Blanchard's Offer

I want you to try Postum for thirty days. I want to start you out on your test by giving you one week's supply, free, and my own directions for preparing it in the most delicious way.

You will be glad to know, too, that Postum costs much less—only one-half cent a cup.

Will you send me your name and address? Tell me which kind you prefer—Instant Postum or Postum Cereal (the kind you boil). I'll see that you get the first week's supply right away.

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I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

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In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL Co., Ltd.  
45 Front St., East, Toronto, Ontario

# FACT AND COMMENT

**H**OW many people have the distorted idea that "liberty" means the right to do what is forbidden by law!

Empty are Bandboxes, Demijohns, Shelves, Houses and Men that are Full of—Themselves.

HERE is a simple little puzzle for our young readers: If it takes three cats three minutes to catch three mice, how many cats will it take to catch a hundred mice in a hundred minutes?

A GERMAN NATURALIST thinks he has discovered that earthworms emit a musical note of high soprano quality. We can imagine these humble but placid creatures, as they labor at their task of bringing mouthfuls of soil up from below and scattering it on the surface of the ground, beguiling the monotony of their occupation with cheery song. The crickets, no doubt, furnish the orchestral accompaniment.

A SEATTLE MAN has shingled his summer cottage with discarded automobile plates that he collected from various garages. They represent several states and a number of years. Laid five inches to the weather, it took more than twenty-three hundred of them. It has long been believed that automobiles can take the roof from over a man's head, but this is the first recorded instance of their having built a new one.

WITH THE FALL, which will soon be upon us, the usual bonfires will glow in the bedraggled and threadbare gardens, to devour the dead leaves and dried plant stalks; and with the fires, which children love, will come the danger of accidental burnings. Few parents realize that between the ages of four and ten about three times as many girls as boys are accidentally burned to death. The cause of the difference is of course the difference in clothing. Girls wear light, flimsy things, chiefly of cotton or silk. Boys wear heavier stuff, usually of wool. The autumn bonfire is pretty to watch but a poor thing for children, and especially girl children, to play with.

DID YOU EVER SEE a white strawberry? There is a variety that has delicate creamy-white berries growing among leaves of a brighter, more waxy green than those of the ordinary plant. They are not common but can sometimes be found growing wild. Gen Lew Wallace, the author of Ben-Hur, cultivated white strawberries in his garden, and we saw recently in a newspaper that a man in Danvers, Massachusetts, had found a bed of wild white berries and had transplanted them successfully. The berries have a delicious flavor; they are less acid than the common red berries and have a peculiar sweetness that reminds you of wild honey. They are not likely to be commercially popular, for they are too soft to pack well, and they lack the rosy color the customer looks for in a ripe strawberry.

## IS WAR INEVITABLE?

THE meetings of the Institute of Political Science at Williamstown afford eminent statesmen and publicists an admirable opportunity for relieving their minds, which the necessary reticences of diplomacy forbid them to do when they are speaking as responsible representatives of their respective governments. There is every evidence that they take pleasure in availing themselves of the chance to talk "right out in meeting," and, if the convocations of the Institute do not give them all the elbowroom they need, there are always plenty of newspaper correspondents about who will gladly listen to and subsequently make public their views.

Count Cippico, an illustrious Italian delegate and an authorized mouthpiece of Fascism, agitated the conference somewhat by frankly expressing the opinion that war could not be prevented; that it was the inevitable resource of fruitful and expanding peoples that found their boundaries too narrow and their national spirit too exuberant to submit to the limitation of their future by a council in which their neighbors and rivals must perform be in majority.

At the same time a Chinese delegate, who is clearly suspicious of Japanese ambitions, warned the world that Japan is devoting itself to getting control of the Chinese millions, with whom it is planning to crowd the



Some of the hundreds of cargo vessels that the Shipping Board finds useless on its hands. They are lying at anchor in the Hudson River. Mr. Ford has just bought two hundred of these ships for \$1,706,000

white races out of Asia and the islands of the Pacific. His views, too, were cynical on the subject of peace by international agreement.

There were plenty of opinions on the other side. General Maurice of England assured his hearers that war would be impossible in Europe for another generation at least, and Professor Leith of the University of Wisconsin took the ground that Japan was too poor in the essential weapon of iron and steel to offer battle to any of the greater Western powers and especially to the United States.

But the Italian and the Chinese put their fingers on what is without doubt the most dangerous threat to world peace that exists today. It is no longer the personal ambition of kings, the professional ambition of soldiers or the angry conflicts of rival religions that we need to dread. It is overpopulation, the overcrowding of certain areas of the world's surface, that menaces. Few nations anywhere and no Western nations are willing to submit to a continual depression of the standard of living as population mounts. It was the crowding of western Europe and the bitter struggle for the economic opportunities to support those rising millions that lay at the bottom of the last war. If another great war comes, it will be because somewhere there are too many people to be adequately fed and clothed with the resources of their native land. Italy today has forty million people in a territory smaller than New Mexico. Japan has sixty millions within an area about that of Montana. Germany before the war had sixty-seven millions in a country not very much larger.

The Harvard professor who advised these overcrowded countries to consider their own limitations of space and keep within them, instead of breeding lavishly and planning to seize other people's land for their overflow, spoke sensibly, though he used some figures of speech that justifiably annoyed Count Cippico. Peace must in large measure depend on more self-restraint among those nations that call themselves "virile" and that their neighbors call "reckless." After all, does not man differ from the lower orders by the power of self-restraint that he can use if he will?

We commend to those scholars and publicists who are studying the causes of war with a view to the nourishment of peace the thoughtful consideration of this pressing and very difficult question.

## A SON'S LEGACY

PATRIMONY is a word of ancient lineage and excellent social standing, which has always managed to keep something of the peculiar meaning that it derives from its classic origin. It is the property that an heir inherits from his father, and to every son to whom such property falls the very word itself should say "father" every time he hears or uses it.

How many fathers ever think of that? Men go on working to acquire property in order that they may leave a generous portion to their children. They think of that portion in such concrete forms as real estate and

stocks and bonds and mortgages and money in banks. How many of them ever think of investing their time and labor in securities that will whisper their name to their descendants when they are gone?

The mistake is in thinking that patrimony necessarily means only what comes to a youth at his father's death. It means much more than that. The Prodigal Son got his patrimony before he went into the "far country," and every boy gets or should get a part of his every day. Not long ago a man in Ohio who understands the real significance of the word drew up what the unimaginative will probably call a curious document. It reads thus:

Not knowing what tomorrow may bring forth, and being desirous that my son shall always think of me with loving respect and affection, I do hereby bequeath to him:

1. A generous portion of my time today.
2. An active daily participation in his work, play, study and plans.

That reads like a will, and it is a will—one that nobody but the man who made it can break. It will never have to be probated, and the legacy that it bequeaths, if duly paid, can neither be attached nor dissipated, and will never depreciate.

It is the natural instinct of every boy to think of his father as the most wonderful man in the world; a person who can perform miracles and work wonders; to whom he can turn for help in his troubles and for sympathy and understanding in his enterprises. How improvident is the man who lets his son grow out of that simple and natural relationship—who leaves him nothing that a stranger might not have given!

## MISTREATING THE DOGS

A RECENT wireless message brought the surprising news that the owners of some three hundred thousand dogs of Berlin meant to parade their pets through the streets by way of protest against a proposed increase in the yearly dog tax.

Such a parade, should it take place, would be a spectacle indeed, and it would be most appropriate for August, the month of dog days. It would be an interminable parade, not so much because, as the dispatch hinted, there would be a great many dachshunds in it, as because dogs, whether long or short, require plenty of room; without it there are continual disagreements and frequent skirmishes. Instead of marching in column of squads, the dogs and their owners would have to march in artillery formation—far apart to avoid casualties. All traffic would be blocked for many hours while the dogs dragged their masters along—low-slung dachshunds waddling along, typically German and perhaps the most content of all; alert and supple police dogs studying the crowds for the faces of criminals; nondescript mongrels pleased to be for once in the society of the spick-and-span, freshly-combed chows and pekinese; great Danes, terriers, pinschers, setters and here and there, with bright eyes on the watch for a hostile stick or

stone, that topiary specimen of the animal world, a newly clipped French poodle.

A spectacle, yes, and a ridiculous one. The idea illustrates an absurd attitude toward dogs—and other domestic animals—that is all too prevalent.

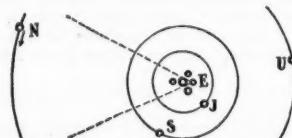
"Dog sentenced to death for chewing American flag," reads a newspaper headline. "This dog smokes a pipe," reads another—and usually there's a picture to prove it, though the pipe is unlighted, since there are some tricks dogs are too wise to learn. "Fuzzy-Wuzzy is learning to dance," reads a third. Such headlines above accounts of dogs that do undoglike things are to be found in our newspapers every day.

The state of mind that is responsible for them is perverted and not always kind. A dog, says the proverb, is man's best friend. If that is so, man should treat him as a friend—a four-footed friend whose understanding is limited and whose instincts are such that he must remain always a dog at heart.

It ought to be evident even to the most thoughtless that dogs are not meant to parade, or live subject to laws made for man, or smoke pipes, or dance—or in short to do any number of other silly things that man, for his own amusement, sometimes teaches them to do. To make dogs do such things is bound to lower the dignity and respect in which they ought to be held—and thereby lessen their usefulness.

## THE STARS THIS WEEK

LAST week we showed how the four inner, or minor, planets are situated, and how they are moving at present. Outside the orbits of these four are four more, called the major planets. They are very much larger than the four inner ones, and so much farther away that it is not practicable to represent both major and minor planets on the same diagram if the orbits are to be drawn to scale.



The sun is at the centre, and the earth (E) to the right of it. The two dotted lines diverging from the earth show the extreme limits of the morning and evening twilight. The upper half of the diagram is in the part of the sky not visible in the evening. The planets are all moving the same way round the sun. The arrow shows their direction, and its length indicates how far the outer planet, Neptune (N), moves in two years. Its complete circuit takes one hundred and sixty-four years. Jupiter (J) moves two and a third times as fast and circles the sun in eleven years.

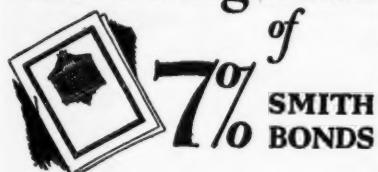
Jupiter is the very brilliant planet in the southern sky, twice as bright as any of the stars. It is the largest planet in the solar system, made on a scale ten times as large as the earth and requiring a thousand times as much material. Jupiter is so bright that astronomers think that it may be hot enough to have a glow of its own, and not be visible merely by means of the sunlight that falls upon it.

Saturn (S) is the next planet beyond Jupiter. It is nearly as large as Jupiter, but not so bright, because it is so much farther away. It can be seen in the western sky about halfway between the horizon and Jupiter. It is of about the same brightness as the fixed star, Spica, which is a little to the right of it. With the full moon in the eastern sky, only the brightest of the stars will show, and it will not be difficult to pick out Saturn and Spica.

The other two planets, Uranus (U) and Neptune (N), are so far away and so faint that they cannot be identified without the telescope.

Mercury, the innermost planet, is rapidly approaching the limit of morning twilight and can be seen low in the east if you will look during the hour before sunrise.

## The Background



FIFTY-TWO years of continuous experience in the field of first mortgage investments; 52 years during which every cent of principal and interest has been paid promptly when due; 52 years without worry, delay or loss to any investor. That is the record of The F. H. Smith Company; that is the background of Smith Bonds.

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## THIS BUSY WORLD

MR. HENRY FORD has spent \$1,706,000 in buying from the Shipping Board two hundred cargo vessels built during the war at a cost of ten times that sum. He will use a few of the ships as freighters for transporting his own motor cars to foreign markets, but most of them he will break up and sell for what they will bring as junk. There is no possibility, under present conditions, that this fleet of hastily-built ships could find profitable employment before it had rusted into decay. The government probably got as good a price for the hulls as it could hope to get. Mr. Ford has also bought all the stock of the Stout Metal Airplane Company with all its patents and manufacturing rights. That indicates that Mr. Ford is convinced that there is a future for air transportation on a large scale. At first he will confine himself to establishing a private airplane service for freight and express business. But we do not expect him to be satisfied with that. His enormous financial resources and his manufacturing experience may bring about the widely popular use of the airplane many years before that has seemed possible. If a serviceable, fool-proof, cheap airplane can be made, Mr. Ford will do it.

GENERAL ANDREWS had so much trouble in getting the right men for regional administrators in his new system for prohibition enforcement that the reorganization did not go into effect until September 1. The headquarters of the new districts are at Boston, New York, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Roanoke, Va., Charlotte, N. C., Tampa, Fla., New Orleans, Fort Worth, Louisville, Columbus, Chicago, St. Paul, Helena, Omaha, St. Louis, Denver, Seattle, San Francisco and Los Angeles. General Andrews means to keep political influence out of his enforcement organization and to devote his efforts to stopping the importation and manufacture of intoxicants in wholesale quantities. He will leave the detection of local and petty violations to the state authorities. The control of industrial alcohol has been transferred from the Internal Revenue office to General Andrews's administrators.

THE League of Nations has asked the governments of the world to tell the League what steps, if any, they have taken to learn what are the effects of the moving pictures on the minds and the morals of children. Nothing is said about what is to be done with this information when it has been collected, but some people predict that the League will eventually try to establish some kind of international control of the film business.

NEW YORK is in for a mayoralty election in November that will challenge the attention of the country. The Democratic primaries are the first events to be watched. Mayor Hylan, who has twice been elected as the Tammany candidate, wants a third term. He has the support of the Brooklyn and Queens County leaders, but Tammany Hall itself has declared against him and presents State Senator James J. Walker against him. The fight is in reality another campaign in the long warfare between Governor Smith, who is the real leader of Tammany Hall, and Mr. Hearst, the newspaper publisher, who has been Mayor Hylan's most influential supporter as he is Governor Smith's most persistent enemy. Tammany is fighting for its life as the dominating power in New York politics. Governor Smith is fighting for his political future. Mr. Hearst is fighting for what he always aspired to, the control of the New York Democracy. It is not yet certain whether the party defeated in the primaries will run an independent ticket in November. If it does, the Republicans think they have a chance to elect another mayor of New York.

THE regents of the University of Wisconsin have voted not to accept any gifts of money from incorporated endowments; the Rockefeller and Carnegie Foundations are presumably the organizations against which the resolution was aimed. The regents give as the reason for the vote the feeling that a state university should be supported solely by the people of the state and should accept no money from sources that might indirectly influence the university toward policies that would not be approved by the citizens of the state.



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'er all the way down."**

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# The Children's Page

## Miss Matilda's Birthday

By Miriam Clark Potter



**S**HE does not remember it," said the apple tree, looking in. And it passed the news on to the old brown pump: "She does not remember it." The pump said to the rambling log fence, "She does not remember it."

"What is she doing?" asked the fairy in the woodpile. "She is peeling onions," murmured the old hemlock tree. "I can see her bent white head and the top of her pink apron. Peeling onions, to make more of that dreadful pickle! Miss Matilda has forgotten her birthday."

"Forgotten her birthday!" echoed all the others.

"We ought to tell her, somehow," sighed the trees.

"Well," said the fairy in the woodpile, "I'm sure she would be half scared to death if I landed in the kitchen with a bounce and said to her in my old, squeaky voice, 'Miss

Matilda, stop fussing over those onions and make yourself a birthday cake, as you always do! Don't you know what day it is? The first of August—and you are sixty-three years old! Yes! And some of us round here remember *all* your birthdays! The first one—when you were a little soft bundle, with a warm, downy head, and a stout, aproned woman carried you down into the kitchen to show you to your father. We saw him touch your hair, with his glad, blundering hands. Another birthday you walked! And then began the birthday cakes, trimmed with larkspur. Always trimmed with larkspur!

A sprig of it in the middle, because that was your mother's favorite flower, and she said you reminded her of it. You grew up; your father and mother were at last so old that they had to leave you alone here. You have been alone for fifteen years, Miss Matilda, and you have never failed to make yourself a birthday cake before!"

"Mercy, what a long speech!" said the pump. "I wish you could see how crazy you look, sitting there on that cabbage, with your white beard blowing in the wind, and your mouth going wiggety-wog with every word!"

"Oh, well," replied the fairy, "you are only cross with me because you love Miss Matilda, too, and hate to see her miss her birthday. (Mercy me; my woodpile is getting low! I shall have to live in that damp, cellarish hole under the barn again till the boy from the next farm brings more sticks in his donkey wagon.)"

"She has stopped peeling the onions," cried the apple tree. "She is sitting down to knit! And it is almost five o'clock."

"She has forgotten her birthday," moaned all the things together. "She will not have her cake, with the blue larkspur on it. What shall we do to remind her?"

Suddenly the fairy bounced up, laughing, and began to do a

twisty jig on the axe handle. "I have thought of a plan!" he said. "All watch!"

He ran to the garden, hiding behind things all the way, so that Miss Matilda could not possibly look out of the window and see him. He picked a big sprig of larkspur, heavy and drippy with sky-colored bloom. He scurried to the apple tree, whose friendly boughs reached down to help him up, peered over the window sill, and threw the larkspur into the kitchen. *Plump!*

Miss Matilda looked up and saw it. "Why, who did that?" she said. She

went to the window and looked out, but of course she did not see the woodpile fairy.

"Larkspur! I don't see anyone. It must have blown in, somehow, but it is very queer. My mother's flower!" Then she thought of her birthday cakes, and then she thought of her birthday.

"Yes, it is," smiled Miss Matilda, "and this is the very flower that

shall trim my cake."

She flew to the pantry; she flew to the cellar for milk; she flew to the henhouse and found three fine eggs. She was just beginning to mix the cake when she heard a knock at her door, and there was the little boy from the next farm. "I've brought you some kindling wood," he said. He stood looking up at Miss Matilda, with his rosy, freckled face, and she patted the top of his nice, soft head, just because she could not help it. "And mother said," went on the boy, "will you please let her have three eggs; just three, she said. She is going to have company for supper."

Miss Matilda hesitated a minute. "Why, certainly!" she said. She went to the table and got the eggs, put them in a little pink-and-green striped paper bag and handed them to the boy. "Here, I am glad I happened to have them."

"Thank you," he said politely, and he went away up the warm, dusty road.

Miss Matilda went back into her kitchen and put the flour and the milk and the other things away. "Well, no cake this year," she said. "I shall put the larkspur in a vase; that shall be my birthday party."

"Oh, it is terrible, terrible!"

moaned the tree. "Just when we were so happy about it all!" sighed the pump. And the fairy in the woodpile, hearing the sad news, hid himself under a knotty log and chewed a chip angrily.

Miss Matilda began to sweep her little floor. Just then came a knock at her door, and there stood the little boy again. "I forgot to ask you; mother says will you come over to supper too, and help us eat the cake up?"

"Why, surely," she answered him, and she nearly added, "it's my birthday!" but she did not.

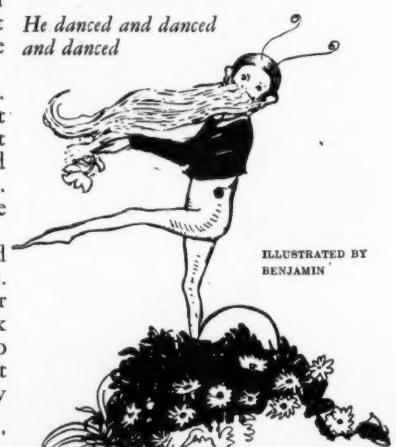
"A party for her birthday," laughed the apple tree. And all her friends in the garden said, "A party for her birthday!"

At six o'clock, when she came rustling down her little front path in her stiff, shiny silk, with the sprig of larkspur pinned on her breast, they all stared after her.

"She looks happy," they said. "You dance a jig, you fairy in the woodpile, because we are all fixed to the ground and cannot dance at all."

So the fairy danced, with his white beard blowing in the wind; and he danced and danced and danced till she came home again, and the white moon came up, and the old clock told them that it was the end of Miss Matilda's birthday.

He danced and danced and danced



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STAMPS TO STICK

**TURKISH FIGURES.**—The philatelist may spend a fascinating hour over his stamps by endeavoring to identify the Arabic or Turkish figures of value as shown on the postal adhesives issued by those Eastern countries. The problem is not so difficult of solution as would appear. The knowledge to be derived through such research work is a reward well worth while, partly because it will simplify the task of placing certain of these stamps in the right blank spaces in the album and partly because the adhesives of the Eastern lands are fascinating because of their very quaintness of design and appearance.

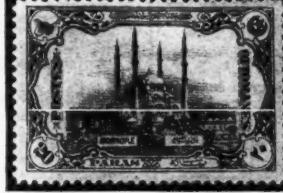
In making such a study it is well to start

bisected 1-cent stamp and a complete 1½-cent stamp did two cents' worth of postage on first-class mail, and a bisected 1-cent stamp and a complete 1-cent stamp were allowed to pay postage on third-class mail. Confusion was likely to result from this practice.

Because such use of bisects, sometimes called "splits," was not authorized by the government these halves of stamps will not be chronicled in the American standard catalogue, even though they were accepted for postage through the semi-official sanction of individual postmasters. Only bisects that were officially ordered by some government, here or abroad, are recognized for listing in the catalogue.



**TURKEY**—The stamp at the left shows the figure 1, that at the right the figures 2 and 0.



with those stamps which carry the figures of value expressed in both native and Western style. Thus the two equivalents are on the one stamp, and it will be easier to fix mentally the forming of the native figures. In a general way the native figures may be described as follows:

The 1 is a straight stroke, usually slanting down from left to right.

The 2 is similar to our own numeral 7, but it has a slightly curved top and is turned to the right instead of to the left.

The 3 resembles the foregoing 2 but has an additional curve tacked on at the top.

The 4 has the appearance of our own English 3, but it is turned the other way round, with the openings at the right.

The 5 is a circle.

The 6 is like our English 7.

The 7 resembles the English letter "v," with the point downward.

The 8 resembles the English letter "v," with the point upward.

The 9 is very similar to the English 9.

The 0 is a dot.

The various figures in expressing numbers higher than nine are combined in the way the English equivalents are. Thus the left-to-right slanting stroke (the Eastern 1) followed by a dot equals the number 10. The addition of another dot brings the number 100. The downward-pointing "v" followed by a circle equals the number 75. And so on.

**UNITED STATES SURCHARGES.**—The Post Office Department at Washington has authorized postmasters in certain cities to surcharge surplus stocks of 1-cent envelopes with the figure "1½," together with four vertical bars to deface the numerals of value originally on the envelope. Thus the envelopes are converted into 1½-cent pieces of postal paper, and another new variety is provided for collectors. The postmasters are forbidden to place the overprint on the envelopes in any manner except by using dies furnished by the government, for the available canceling machines especially manufactured for surcharging.

**ANACHRONISMS.**—The flags of Norway and the United States fly respectively aft and forward on the early Norse craft pictured on the 5-cent stamp of the issue recently printed at Washington to commemorate the coming of Norse settlers to this country in 1825. The vessel shown is the one in which Leif Ericson is supposed to have sailed in the adventures during which he discovered North America land about the year 1000. The United States flag did not come officially into existence until June 14, 1777. The Norwegian emblem was not designed until after Norway separated from Denmark, in 1814. Yet both are shown floating from this Ericson ship—as philatelists quickly



**NEW GUINEA**—A new name for New Britain.—  
**GERMANY** (Deutsches Reich)—Rheinland and Munich commemoratives.



discovered when they trained microscopes on the design.

**NEW GUINEA.**—This is the name of the former New Britain, now a British possession but once part of German New Guinea. The island was captured from Germany during the war. While the island was known as New Britain it used stamps of the Australian Commonwealth surcharged "N. W. Pacific Islands." These overprinted adhesives have been withdrawn, and New Guinea has received its first definitive series—twelve values, ranging from a halfpenny to one pound. The uniform design is a native village.

**BISECTS.**—The United States Post Office Department has called to the attention of all postmasters the ruling that forbids the acceptance of portions of stamps for postage. The department had learned that at certain post offices bisected stamps were being allowed to do duty on mail.

The situation came about in connection with the issuing of the new 1½-cent and ½-cent stamps. Stocks of these did not arrive at some post offices until after the new law increasing rates on certain kinds of mail went into effect. As a service to the public several of the postmasters permitted patrons to use one half of a 1-cent stamp in lieu of a ½-cent stamp. Thus a

design of the Rhineland commemoratives—5, 10 and 20 pfennigs—shows the river Rhine and in the background of sky a representation of the Prussian eagle so crude as somewhat to resemble a parrot. The design of the commemorative for the traffic exhibition, 10 pfennigs, red, includes a wheel inset, with the date 1925, and two shafts of lightning. The inscription includes "Verkehrsausstellung," significant of the special purpose of the stamp.

**AN UNPRECEDENTED ACT.**—The Dominican Republic has issued a new 10-cent special delivery stamp, and to the astonishment of collectors it carries exactly the same design, except for a few minor details, that is on the current United States special delivery—a motorcycle and messenger. Even the color is the same as that of our own stamp.

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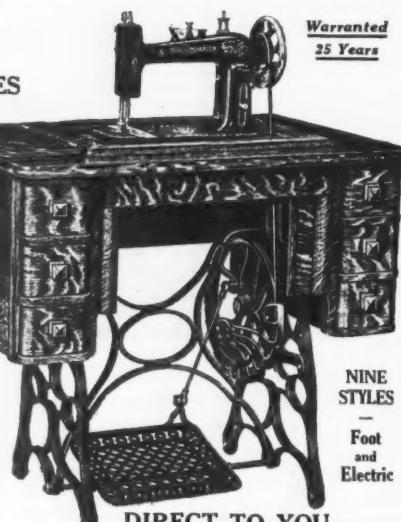
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**THE LYNX**

September's pleasant woods are all astir  
Where twinkling aspen-leaves are golden-hued;  
And, in his hunting-suit of mottled fur,  
The Red Lynx steals upon the partridge brood.

ARTHUR GUTERMAN

**"CAST DOWN BUT NOT DESTROYED"**

AFTER years of hard and patient labor a well-organized Chinese mission had been established. Church and school, dispensary and garden, all were in order. A useful work was going forward. Now everything was destroyed. Between the rival armies of soldiers and the thieving, murderous bandits, the buildings had been robbed and wrecked. The homes of most of the Chinese people had suffered a similar fate; for a time the missionaries seemed to be helpless.

"What can we do?" was the cry. "Our buildings have been destroyed and the work of years scattered to the winds."

"It is heart-breaking," said the leader of the mission, "but our lives have been spared, and God will help us. But we must not stand idle. Let everyone go his way and minister to the people as God gives the opportunity."

So the mission workers went out, found the scattered, suffering, distressed members of their flock and ministered to them as they could, feeding the hungry in one place and ministering to the sick in another, always bringing a message of hope and faith and the ministration of Christian love. In their service, so sweetly and unstintingly done, they helped other suffering people, who had never come near the mission. After nearly two years of disturbance peace was restored in that district and the mission work was reorganized.

"We shall have to begin at the very bottom again," said the helpers.

But when the doors of the new mission buildings were opened the crowd of Chinese who sought admittance almost overwhelmed the workers. "Why," exclaimed one of them, "we have three times as many supporters as we had when we lost our buildings. What does it mean?"

"It means," said the leader, "that God can overrule evil for good, but it also means that while routine service may reach and minister to a select and thankful few all men can appreciate real Christian love and ministration, especially in the hours of darkness and need. Let us see to it that we do not fail to learn the lesson. This is what Paul and his early helpers thoroughly knew when they declared that, though they were killed all the day long, yet they lived, and, though cast down, they were not destroyed. Let us sow the seed while the sun shines, but when the seed is sown it needs a day of cloud and rain to make it sprout and take root."

**THE BOOMERANG**

HERMIONE refused her favorite lamb chops with brown gravy and merely nibbled at the hot biscuits while the dessert lay fluffy neglected upon its glass dish.

"I simply can't eat," she declared, pushing back her plate. "Do you know what Bertha, my very best friend, did this morning? I could not believe that she would so such a thing. I wish I never had to see her again."

Marian listened patiently to Hermoine's recital, glancing now at the flushed face and angry eyes of her sister. "Wasn't that a treacherous thing to do?" Hermoine demanded finally.

Marian was silent for a moment. "Yes, it was," she answered. "But I am not competent to give a just verdict. You know I have never really liked Bertha."

"I know you haven't, and you were right about her. Oh, I'm so angry! I feel almost ill."

Marian looked grave. "Don't you think you have let Bertha make you suffer enough without poisoning yourself?" she asked.

"Why, what do you mean? Do you expect me to forgive her?"

"Wouldn't that be the best way—for yourself?"

"Forgive an affront like that? And after you warned me against Bertha, too."

"I am thinking of you, not Bertha. We have

to consider the effect of our emotions upon ourselves. Until recently we did not think much about what they do to us, although Christ, the great physician, taught us that love is the only emotion we can afford to indulge in."

"But anyone is justified in being angry with a false friend."

"But look, my dear, what your anger does to you! It probably doesn't disturb Bertha, but it is harming you immeasurably. You could not eat any dinner, and you feel quite ill. Probably your lessons this afternoon will be a failure."

Some of the color faded from Hermoine's cheeks. "But even if I am not angry," she said, "I cannot help being sad."

"Why?" asked Marian. "You have lost nothing. You think you have lost Bertha's friendship, but this proves there was no real friendship to lose. You had only the shell, the outward show, a brittle, easily broken thing. You need not lose your faith in friendship."

"But how can I love her?"

"Pity is akin to love, and you can at least pity Bertha. She is more to be pitied than you, for she has always to live with the kind of girl she is. You do not. So do not release the boomerang of your anger against her; it only reacts against yourself. And now you had better bathe your face and go back to school."

When Hermoine returned late in the afternoon her face was shining.

"Is there any of the pudding left?" she asked. "I'm so hungry I could eat a bear. Oh, the loveliest thing has happened. You know I said that Bertha was trying to make an impression on Bernice Evans when she acted as she did. This afternoon she kept it up, but I only gave her a smile. And Bernice walked home with me! She showed that she did not like Bertha and she does like me. We are going to be friends."

"And that is Bertha's boomerang," Marian remarked. "Another cause for pitying her. I'm glad Bernice is going to be your friend. Will you bring her home to lunch tomorrow?"

"Will I?" Hermoine stooped and kissed her sister swiftly.

**EDISON AND THE PILE OF BILLS**

INVENTORS are proverbially careless about money, and it appears from a story in Mr. E. W. Bok's book *Twice Thirty* that Mr. Edison, though he has made a great deal of money during his life, is no exception to the rule. Mr. Bok says:

I heard one of the officers of the Western Union Telegraph Company tell the story of the company's purchase of the inventor's first device.

"What would seem to you a fair sum for this patent?" asked Mr. George B. Prescott, who was conducting the negotiations.

"I don't know—do you?" blandly asked Edison. His disregard for money was notorious.

"Would forty thousand dollars seem right to you?" asked Mr. Prescott.

Edison's hand went up to his ear. "Once more, please!" he asked.

The offer was repeated louder.

"Oh, yes," said Edison. "That's satisfactory," never for a moment dreaming that Mr. Prescott was serious.

A week later he received a check for forty thousand dollars. He looked at it and didn't know what to do with it, and when next he was in the vicinity of the bank on which it was drawn he took it there, handed it to the cashier and waited to see what would happen.

"Yes, sir?" asked the cashier. "What do you wish to do with this?"

"I don't know," answered Edison; "do you? Is it any good?"

The amazed cashier consulted the president. They asked Edison into the office while the cashier sent a messenger to the Western Union Building to ask some official to come to the bank and identify the inventor. The president went down himself, explained the matter to the cashier and suggested that he give the amount to Edison in bills and then send a detective behind him to see that he got home safely.

When Edison was handed the small mountain of bills, he looked at the bank president, smiled and still thought that he was being joked with. When it dawned on him that the money was really his, he naively asked the president: "What shall I do with it?"

The bank official took compassion on him, showed him how to open an account and draw checks against it.

He never could get accustomed to large sums of money, however.

For his next invention the Western Union Company offered him one hundred thousand dollars. He could not grasp the idea of such a sum and wouldn't take the money.

"Safer with you," he said. "Give me six thousand dollars a year for seventeen years."

That is exactly what they did, and this amazingly poor business arrangement he again insisted upon when he sold his next invention to the company for another hundred thousand dollars. "I'll only spend it if I have it," was his argument.

**A BRAVE SEPOY**

UNGAD DIN, the heroic bheesty of whom Kipling wrote, was not the only man of his race to arouse the admiration of his white comrades by his cool-headed and warm-hearted courage. During the terrible fighting at Gallipoli occurred the following incident, of which Sir George Younghusband tells in his reminiscences.

A heavy frontal attack was taking place across the dead-flat, open ground on the Turkish trenches. On our left the attack partly succeeded, but all along the rest of the line it was held up at distances varying from one hundred yards to five hundred yards from the Turks. At this moment the sepoy (now Lance-Naik) Lalla came across a major of his regiment, one hundred and fifty yards from the enemy, lying completely exposed in the open and trying to bandage a grievous wound. Lalla dragged him a few yards to a very slight depression only a few inches deep and there bound up the major's wounds. Whilst doing so he heard other cries for help and, sallying forth, dragged four more of his comrades into the meagre shelter and bound up their wounds.

Meanwhile it had come on to rain hard, and a pitiless icy wind sprang up. Then Lalla heard another voice calling for help about fifty yards from the Turkish trenches. He recognized the voice and said to the major:

"That is my adjutant, sahib, calling. I must go out to help him."

"No, Lalla, it is quite useless," said the major. "You will certainly be shot dead."

Then, seeing that Lalla was still preparing to go, he added:

"I order you not to go. Lie down."

Lalla lay still for a bit, and then the voice from the front again called for help. Up jumped Lalla and, calling out, "I'll be back in a minute," dashed out.

The adjutant, just before he was taken into the operating-room in a hospital, where he died, dictated his evidence to a brother officer. He said:

"I was shot down in the open not far from the enemy's lines and lay in great agony. An officer of the Black Watch, who was lying wounded a few yards off, tried to crawl to my assistance, but he was instantly shot dead. Every time I made the slightest movement bullets whistled past me or through me. Then came a sepoy to my assistance, and he was instantly shot dead. Then it came on to rain, and a bitter wind sprang up. As I lay in great pain, suddenly appeared Lalla and lay down beside me with cheering words. First he bound up my wounds, and then, taking off his own coat, he spread it over me. Then he lay down lengthways so as to protect me from the enemy's bullets. For five hours he lay like this in the wet and cold and all the time kept talking cheerfully and encouragingly to keep my spirits up. At length when it grew dark he crept off and said he was going back to get assistance and would soon return. I slept or dozed for some time and then heard Lalla return."

"It is good, sahib, very good," he said. "I have brought some stretcher-bearers up not far from this. I will lie flat whilst you get on my back, and then I will crawl away with you on hands and knees."

With great difficulty the adjutant obeyed these instructions and was borne painfully several hundred yards by Lalla to the stretcher-bearers.

Then Lalla said: "I must return and fetch the major sahib and those four sepoys."

And this he did and brought them all safely out. And, wonderful to relate, he was not so much as touched by bullet or shell all day or night. Next morning he was hale and hearty and cheerful.

The Victoria Cross has only recently been accorded to Indian soldiers, and perhaps there is no worthier wearer of that badge of honor and bravery than Lance-Naik Lalla of the Dogras.

#### A SUCCESSFUL FISHERMAN

**E**NOS H., a tall, lank countryman whose life was spent in northern New York, was known to all of his acquaintances as "Fishey." Many used the nickname who had no idea what its origin was. While it was in no way a credit to him, he never resented its use, nor even tauntingly reminded of the circumstances that brought it into being. On the contrary, he seemed rather to take pride in his shrewdness.

At the time of the Civil War Enos was a youth in his late teens, over six feet in height and in the enjoyment of robust health. When many of his acquaintances enlisted he hung back, and neither the jeers of the young men nor the beguilements of his girl friends could persuade him to enter the military service voluntarily.

Finally came the draft, and he was forced to go. He was sent to an enrollment depot at Auburn, New York, and on the way became so low in spirits that he ceased to talk to his companions.

At the depot he produced a small tin cup, a twig, three feet of twine string and a bent pin and with these articles began to fish industriously, never looking up from his self-appointed task or paying the slightest heed to questions or commands. Except when eating or sleeping, at both of which occupations he displayed much perseverance, his entire time was devoted to the capture of imaginary fish from the depths of the cup.

He was deprived of his outfit and put in a dark cell, but even there he went through the motions of fishing. When released, he lost no time in supplying himself with substitutes, and again fished. The depot physician was skeptical, and so was a civilian doctor he called in consultation, but they could not get him to utter a word; and finally the depot commander became disgusted and decided to give him his discharge papers.

Enos looked them over carefully to make sure that they were signed and made out in legal form. When convinced that everything was in proper form, he tossed his cup and fishing tackle to one side, flaunted the discharge at arm's length, and remarked: "This is just what I've been fishin' for."

He had to disappear in haste, or he would have been roughly handled; but he went directly home and was never molested. He, however, was as worthless in after life as he had been during his brief experience in the army, though he never again pretended to fish.

#### MONEY GATHERERS AND AN ICE COLLECTOR

**T**WO dogs and a crow have furnished entertainment to a large neighborhood recently. One dog and the crow pick up money and take it home; the other dog carries about chunks of ice dropped by the ice man.

A few weeks ago carpenters began to make repairs to the front porch of Rog's home. They had to crawl under it through a hole in the lattice used by the big dog. The family have often seen him going in and out of the hole, but have paid no particular attention.

The carpenters found quite a pile of money in dimes, quarters, halves and a dollar or two, with a couple of bills thrown in. Rog offered no objection when they discovered his hiding place; neither was he particularly interested when they brought out his hoard of money. Where he got it, why he carried it home, what went on in his dog mind anyway, are perplexing mysteries.

They postponed work on the porch until they had opportunity to observe him. It didn't take long; he brought home a quarter next day and left it under the porch as usual. His master has made every reasonable effort to trace the owners, but in vain.

The crow, Ben, gathers up the coins that housewives leave beside the milk bottles on their porches and takes them home. Arriving at the back porch, he stands, coin in bill, waiting for some one to come out. If nobody comes, he tires after a while and lays the money down, but he stands on guard until the door opens. He's afraid some other creature will take it, but he is always ready to surrender his coin to a member of the family. He has been expostulated with, to no avail. He still goes about exploring the porches in his customary way. His mistress is always busy returning money to good-natured neighbors.

Jack is a big Newfoundland. His hobby is ice. He has no instinctive or acquired taste for ice, but he never fails to attend the ice wagon. Whenever he hears the clatter of the wagon several squares away, he's off. A few minutes later he will come back tugging a chunk too big and too cold to carry far in his mouth. He knows all the short cuts and uses them. He lays the piece of ice down by the refrigerator and then barks until some one comes out. Does he think he is helping the family economize? Any-way, he's punctual and persistent.

#### REGARD FOR BREAD IN SPAIN

**D**O you ever throw away your bread, writes a friend of *The Companion*, or even toss aside a crust? In Spain it is against the law to do so, I am told by a newcomer from that country. There is an ancient belief that bread is one of the first foods God gave his children, and therefore it is a sacred food. To illustrate just what happens, if you are careless enough to throw bread away, let me tell you an actual incident that occurred in Barcelona.

A little Spanish boy left his house, eating a slice of bread, but he soon tired of it and, without thinking, threw it down upon the sidewalk. Hardly had he done so when a hand grasped his elbow and he looked up into the face of a policeman.

"You cannot throw bread away like that," the man told him. "You are breaking the law. Pick it up and come with me."

The boy, startled, picked up the bread, and the man drew him along down a side street until they came to a sheltered corner between two buildings.

"Kiss the bread, *hijo mio*, and lay it carefully down here on this stone that the dogs may eat of it, and it shall not be wasted," commanded the policeman, and the boy did as he was told.

#### A FAMILY OF Z'S

**S**OME persons have a queer, not to say a perverse, humor in names, and when they happen to be parents they often inflict on their offspring names that are a lifelong embarrassment. A writer in the Boston Herald recalls the case of a man named Zuriel Cook, who, having been cursed with an outlandish name, determined that all his children should suffer with him.

Zuriel Cook married Polly Lombard at Henderson, New York, early in the nineteenth century. His large family of children were named as follows: Zuriel, Zeresa, Zerema, Zeinus, Zephronia, Zerodia, Zedina, Zegotus, Zelora, Zethaniel, Zeruth, Zelobus, Zedelia and last of all James.

It is fair to presume that James was a posthumous child. If Mr. Cook had lived the boy would probably have been named Zephaniah or Zerubbabel.

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*The winsome guardian of your hair cries:*  
**"Simple care is safest!"**

MAYBE you don't believe in elves any more. But a lovely *real* one watches over your hair, and she trembles with fear every time you say, "Well, what should I try next?"

"Don't experiment!" she pleads. "Just get your hair clean and soft and beautiful—and that is *so* easy!"

Elves don't ordinarily bother much with scientific matters, but they have been investigating the writings of scientific gentlemen who really *know*.

This is what they've found:  
 "You can keep your hair beautiful and

fluffy and glossy by cheerfully shampooing it two or three times a month with pure soap and soft water, and by gaily brushing it thoroughly every day with a *clean* brush, to give it the glorious sheen that every woman wants."

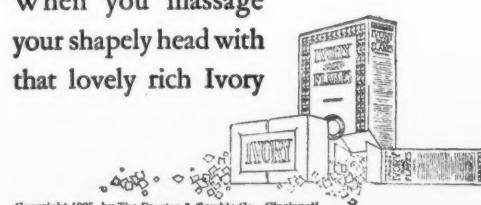
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